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COMPLICATIONS IN EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

It is never difficult, but it would be imprudent just now, to write in a prophetic strain about the affairs of Europe, which are certainly in a most tangled condition. We must know what is doing before we can attempt to form the slightest conjecture as to what is going to be done. And we venture to say that at the present moment no politician in England or elsewhere, no Sovereign, spiritual or temporal, no insurrectionary chief, nor any number of chiefs and crowned heads, with or without their Ministers, can tell us what is likely to be the position of Austria or of Italy a month hence; nor what attitude will be assumed by France towards Austria, Sardinia, Garibaldi, or the Pope; nor whether Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel understand one another and can work together; nor the precise game that Lamoricière is playing; nor the extent to which Russia is prepared to support Austria; nor even the meaning of the alliance between England and Prussia, with which the Queen's visit to Berlin cannot be wholly unconnected, or her Majesty would not be accompanied there by her Foreign Minister. If, however, in spite of mysteries, and contradictions, and anomalies of all kinds, we are determined to make some attempt to see through darkness, and to find our way in a labyrinth of which no one possesses the clue, the best plan will be first to strike out of our calculations such countries as are not likely, except under circumstances of great provocation, and in the face of imminent danger, to appear under arms at all. To begin with. England is sure not to go to war for the sake either of Italy menaced by Austria, and no matter what ally, or of Austria undermined in every province by revolution. Should France attack Austria, then Russia, Prussia, and ultimately England, would have to take part in checking the aggression; and, owing to the certainty that it would be met by such a resistance, there is little chance of its being made.

The next least likely country to go to war is Prussia; after which comes Russia, who, however, has far more to gain by keeping what money she can spare for her railways, and by liberating her serfs quietly before they get tired of hearing the question discussed and take to liberating themselves by main force. If, moreover, the nobles, by which must be understood the whole of the landed proprietors of Russia, are to eman-

cipate their peasants in a year or two, they will not in the meanwhile care to furnish recruits to the army, nor in any way to encourage a war of which the burden would fall upon them, and of which the first object would probably be to assist the power that deceived them in 1854. Every one knows that Russia and Austria have lately formed some sort of alliance; but it does not appear to be a perfect alliance even in a defensive sense. In the event of certain contingencies, easily to be imagined, it would probably be offensive as against France; but it has been officially intimated that Russia is by no means prepared to guarantee to Austria the continued possession of Venetia, and, indeed, that she intends to take no part whatever in Italian affairs.

Austria may be brought into the field, either by an attack on Venetia or an insurrection in Hungary; but it appears certain that she will make no move in Italy, except for the preservation of her own Italian province. The Pope may go his own way as far as she is concerned, and the King of Naples is already abandoned.

In defending Venetia, Austria would stand single-handed, unless the invasion of that territory were made the signal for the rising in Hungary, against which the Government is at the present moment taking the wisest and most liberal precautions, as the reports of the debates in the Reichsrath sufficiently show. The various provinces are represented at this assembly through their delegates, and it is announced, as a general principle of future legislation, that all the races of the empire—Germans, Slavonians, Magyars, and Roumans—are politically equal, and that each has a right to the maintenance and development of its own nationality and language. In other words—to adopt a favourite expression of writers on foreign politics—each province is to enjoy its separate "autonomy." If this programme is carried out the Hungarians will have nothing to complain of. Their Diet will be restored, and it is to be hoped that the Magyar nobility, no longer subjected to a German Administration, will consent not to impose the Magyar language upon the immense majority of the Hungarian people who happen to be Slavonians.

If, in spite of all concessions and just recognitions from the Austrian Government, there should still be a few Hungarians

who would like to incur the chances of war and the certainty of anarchy for their unfortunate and troublesome country—perhaps in the hope of converting it into a Republic, which would be swallowed up by Russia as soon as Russia had leisure to swallow it—we can only wish such insane and criminal disturbers of the public peace the contrary of what we wish to Garibaldi and his Italian patriots. It must be remembered that Venetia is held as a hostile province; but Hungary is represented in the Reichsrath; her grievances are being listened to with those of other portions of the empire, and she has, in fine, no more right to attempt to separate herself from the rest of Austria than have the cities of Vienna and Prague. But nothing, we think, would come out of an attack on Venetia but a war between Austrians and Italians, which would probably end in the incorporation of the disputed province with the rest of Italy. At all events, a Hungarian insurrection, which would, of course, have the effect of drawing off a large portion of the Austrian troops, becomes less probable every day.

The only remaining chance of a great European war being brought about lies in the hostile attitude that may possibly be assumed towards Garibaldi by the Emperor of the French, in case the Liberator should attempt to carry out his announced intention of proclaiming the independence and unity of Italy from the summit of the Quirinal. If France interferes again in Italy she will not do so unless with the view of annexing some fresh portion of territory. Her latest advice to the Pope, however, as published in the columns of a French Government journal, conveys a hint that she would only feel deeply grieved—which is a very different thing from fighting—if his Holiness were to imitate the King of Naples and run away from his capital. If the Spiritual Father could be prevailed upon to go, and if Garibaldi would also see the folly and injustice of attacking Austria by general revolutionary means, then Venetia would soon form part of an Italy which would have Rome for its capital; Austria would gain in compactness and in real strength, and none but the thoroughly unpeaceful would find cause to complain. Unfortunately, however, such a programme as this requires the signatures of a great many persons, of whom some are rash, some obstinate, and some ambitious beyond measure.



A MIDNIGHT ALARM AT MESSINA.

MIDNIGHT ALARM AT MESSINA.

"LATTERLY," says our artist, "we have had one or two night affairs between the advanced posts stationed on the campo in front of the citadel. One especially assumed so serious an aspect that the general impression was that a regular attack was being made on the fortress. I was awake by a great uproar in the streets, above which could be heard the sharp cracking of the rifles. Running to the window I saw crowds of officers and soldiers hastening in direction of the Firmara and calling to the trembling townspeople to light up their balconies, that confusion in the event of a sortie by the Neapolitan garrison might be prevented. In five minutes from the time I first heard the alarm I was as near the scene of action as it was possible to get. After some little firing on both sides the affair came to an abrupt termination, and on inquiring the cause of the outbreak I learned that some of the Neapolitan soldiers had attempted to desert to our lines, and that, when midway over, the Neapolitan sentries fired upon them, and ours not knowing what it meant, but hearing the balls whistling about their ears, fired in the direction from which they came."

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The French squadron, carrying the Imperial couple to Algiers, arrived on Monday in sight of that city. It seems that the ruler of France and the Queen of Spain have missed each other at the Balearic Islands, where the Queen, who embarked at Palma on Sunday, had not arrived on the day when the Emperor disembarked at Port Mahon. Finding his expectation disappointed, he contented himself with leaving a letter for Queen Isabella. The Emperor visited Corsica last week.

The *Constitutionnel* gives a categorical denial to the reports that the islands of Sardinia and Elba are to be ceded to France as an indemnity for the annexation of Naples and Sicily to Piedmont.

A rumour is current that M. Thouvenel may shortly be replaced by Count de Persigny as Minister of Foreign Affairs.

RUSSIA.

A letter from St. Petersburg of the 9th says:—"The Emperor will not leave for Warsaw until after the confinement of the Empress, which is expected at the end of September or the beginning of October. General Count Trol, Aide-de-Camp to his Majesty, left for Vienna yesterday on an extraordinary mission. In the manoeuvres which lately took place at Moscow the Emperor paid special attention to the artillery and the rifled cannon, and he was astonished at the precision of the latter. The artillery of the Guard has thus far alone been supplied with such pieces, but the rest of the artillery is to have some also. A fire at Pultawa has just done damage to the amount of 100,000 roubles."

AUSTRIA.

The Austrian Cabinet is said to have announced to the French Government that Austria, for her own security, is about to concentrate a corps of observation of 50,000 men at Mantua and on the River Po, but that she has no intention of intervening in the events resulting from the entry of Sardinian troops into the Papal States.

Count de Toli, Aide-de-Camp General of the Emperor of Russia, has arrived at Vienna with an autograph letter from the Czar, inviting the Emperor of Austria to an interview at Warsaw.

A grand dinner was given by the Emperor at Schönbrunn, on Tuesday week, in honour of the birthday of the Emperor of Russia, in return for a similar courtesy on the part of the latter Sovereign. All the members of the Imperial family at Vienna, the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, and the Russian Ambassador were present. The Emperor of Austria, in very cordial terms, proposed a toast in honour of the Emperor Alexander II.

Austria is about to take an important step towards securing the honest administration of justice. In the discussion of the judicial budget the Minister of Justice, Count Nadassy, announced that he was preparing a measure for the experimental introduction of oral examination of witnesses, and publicity of proceedings in all trials before the commercial and maritime courts. If the result is satisfactory, the same reform will be extended to proceedings before civil tribunals.

The important question of religious freedom has been again raised in Austria, this time in the council of the empire at Vienna. Several representatives of Protestant sects urged a revision of the Concordat, on the ground that some of its clauses were peculiarly impolitic and oppressive in a country in which so many differences of religious opinion existed. The council did not decide upon adopting any specific course, but determined generally that something must be done to remedy the grievances complained of.

SARDINIA.

Victor Emmanuel has once more made the attempt to prevail upon Ratazzi, the leader of the Radical opposition in the Turin Chamber, and its best orator, to enter the Cavour Ministry. Ratazzi's reply has been that he would be more useful to the King by being kept in reserve, so that he might seize the reins of Government should they escape Count Cavour's hands, and some arrangement for this emergency seems afterwards to have been come to in a personal negotiation between the two old adversaries themselves.

The Italian journals express regret on account of the recall of the French Ambassador from Turin. The *Diritto* says:—"We must rally round the King in order to assist him in overcoming the present difficulties." The other Turin journals publish articles of a similar nature. The *Opinione* says:—"Italy does not desire that the responsibility of France for her actions should be her shield. Great liberty of action is necessary for our Government. Those States who are in friendly relations need not, on that account, be responsible one for another. The policy followed by Sardinia is imposed upon our Government by the state of things in the interior of the peninsula."

The Marquis d'Azeglio, Governor of Milan, has tendered his resignation. He has been replaced by Count Pasolini.

A strong corps d'armée, the head-quarters of which are at Piacenza, is keeping watch upon the movements of the Austrians. Great attention is being paid to the navy. A portion of the Neapolitan fleet is ordered to Genoa, and the Government has just purchased several large transport steamers.

Kossuth and Klapka are at Turin, living very retired.

SPAIN.

The Queen of Spain has gone on a trip to the Balearic Isles, with a considerable squadron as escort. M. Berrot, the French Minister, accompanied her in the *Gomer*, of 16 guns. It will be seen above that the Emperor of the French expected to meet her Majesty here.

The Madrid journals of the 13th state that in consequence of the dangerous state of affairs in the Papal States, M. Rios Rosas, the Spanish Ambassador at Rome, who was in Spain on leave of absence, had received orders to return immediately to his post. One of them says also that the Government has presented eight pieces of mountain artillery to his Holiness.

SWITZERLAND.

The Council of State of the Canton of Vaud has addressed the following circular to the Prefects, in consequence of a French flag having been torn from the mast of a vessel at Vevey:—

Gentlemen,—Foreign flags displayed at public meetings, boarding-schools, and on vessels moored on our ports, have hitherto been safe from outrage and insult. The respect for the symbol of nationality prescribed by international law, religiously observed by all civilized nations, and which ought to be held sacred by republics, had never, so far as we know, been found wanting in our canton. This principle, which is, nevertheless, deeply rooted in the manners and usages of the country, has just been lamentably violated by scenes of recent occurrence in two ports on the Vaudois bank of the Lake of Geneva. As such acts may at any time recur from the same causes and from strictly analogous circumstances, the Council of State is bound to warn its fellow-citizens of the grave consequences that may ensue,

and to order efficacious measures for preventing their repetition. While making every allowance for circumstances, without overlooking on the one hand, how far the display of flags on their boats and craft may be mere affectation on the part of our neighbours on the other side of the Lake; while taking into account the irritation, real or fictitious, experienced by the national feeling, over-excited in some persons by the reckless language of certain journals or any other cause, none of these circumstances, none of these reasons, can justify or even palliate the attack made on a flag. Everybody knows that any injurious manifestation against the colours of a nation is an insult to that nation which may become a *casus belli*, if suitable reparation is not offered and accepted. It is, therefore, easy to conceive what disastrous consequences might ensue for our own country from rash or thoughtless conduct in this respect. You must be well aware of the accusations of all sorts which evil-disposed persons delight to invent for the sole purpose of irritating the Government of a neighbouring State against us. If the continuance of such outrages on the flag of that country should be permitted in our ports and elsewhere, and if the voice of reason as well as of authority should be treated with contempt, would not that give a kind of sanction to the spirit which dictated the accusations above mentioned? Let the authorities, therefore, and all citizens animated with truly patriotic sentiments, keep a watchful eye over what passes around them, and, in case of need, energetically interpose, so that for the future we may have to deplore no acts that compromise the honour and existence of the country. Such is the invitation which the Council of State addresses to you, gentlemen, with a request that you will communicate it to the municipality and the citizens in your jurisdiction.

AMERICA.

The State Central Committee of the Douglas Democracy have appointed a committee to confer with other political organisations, with the view to the union of all the anti-Republicans, in order to ensure the defeat of Lincoln and Hamlin at the November election.

Throughout Central America the greatest excitement prevailed on the subject of Walker's expedition. The *New Orleans Picayune* states that another portion of Walker's men had left that city for Ruatan. A Washington telegram says:—

Secretary Cobb has ordered the revenue vessels in the gulf to cruise off the mouth of the Mississippi for New Orleans filibusters, and compel their return. This action is in consequence of reports that large numbers of men who are anxious to join General Walker in Honduras are hastily preparing to leave. The President is determined to discountenance all unlawful expeditions against our Central American neighbours.

A later despatch says:—"General Walker's plans excite so little interest in official quarters that no naval vessels have been directed especially to watch his movements. Every precaution will, however, be taken to intercept any armed bodies leaving our shores to join him."

The latest advices from Honduras state that an English man-of-war had arrived for the protection of the citizens and their property. On the 23rd ult. seven hundred men were outside the walls of Truxillo, under the command of Guardiola, President of Honduras, ready to attack Walker in the town.

Miramon has again been defeated. A battle was fought at Lagos between him and Degollado on the 10th ult. Miramon, with two thousand men, tried to cut his way through, but his force was surrounded by Degollado with two thousand eight hundred men. The fight lasted five days. Miramon was badly wounded, but escaped with a few of his cavalry. He lost all his artillery, and the "balance" of his army were made prisoners. General Pacheco was killed, and General Megia made prisoner. Miramon was in full flight.

INDIA.

A public meeting has been held at Madras for the purpose of drawing up a petition to her Majesty, soliciting the appointment of Mr. Morehead as Governor of the Presidency. Within a month, by the departure and demise in quick succession of the two distinguished statesmen who have ruled at Fort St. George, this eminent civilian has twice been called to assume the reins of Government. Mr. Morehead concurred with Sir Charles Trevelyan's views regarding the income-tax. He did not acquiesce in the propriety of publishing the proceedings of the Madras Government.

It is stated that the immediate cause of Mr. Wilson's death was the shock which he experienced at the intelligence of Sir Henry Ward's sudden and lamentable end. He had previously shown symptoms of improvement, but these melancholy tidings are supposed to have brought on a relapse.

The Nizam is to be rewarded for his fidelity to our Government by the restoration of the district to the south of his dominions, the English retaining possession of the Berar valley. His Highness will likewise be presented with British manufactures to the value of £100,000; and Salar Jung, his Minister, besides being most honourably complimented by the English Government, obtains a present of manufactures worth £30,000, and hopes to rival Jung Bhadoor by acquiring a G.C.B.-ship.

A private letter from Nepal reports that the cholera had broken out as bad as it was four years ago, when it was very destructive. The wife of Balarao, brother of the infamous Nana, has been carried off by this epidemic.

The *Poona Gazette* says, "We are informed on good authority that the whole question of the removal of the seat of Government from Bombay to Poona is now under reference to the Secretary of State for India."

CHINA.

The *Times* special correspondent, writing from Shanghai on the 5th of July, states that the Mandarins had driven all flocks and herds into the interior, and no fresh meat, and few supplies, could be procured for the large British force, which only waited the signal for action. Accounts had been received as to the number of men at the Taku forts.

"These reports have been received from various quarters, and they agree in estimating the Chinese force at not more than 25,000 men. As to the army at Tien-Tsin and Peking there is no reliable information. The Russian Minister, General Ignatieff, states that the Chinese do not believe we have an army, and are preparing for an attack from the fleet alone."

The effective force of the Army consisted of 6357 British and 2178 Native Infantry, 1012 Cavalry, 1793 Artillery, 485 Engineers, and 286 Military Train, making a total strength of 12,111 men. There were two batteries of Armstrong guns (12-pounders), three batteries of 9-pounders, and two and a half Madras mountain-train batteries, and a siege-train, consisting of light 32-pounders and 8-inch howitzers. 1689 horses were in camp, besides a number of ponies and bullocks. No plan of operations had been settled. This much, however, seemed certain—the French would land to the south, the English to the north of the Taku forts. A naval brigade would probably be formed from the blue-jackets and the Marines, which would act with the army, and while the troops attacked the forts in the rear, the gun-boats would tackle them in front.

The Chinese had succeeded in raising the *Cormorant*, sunk in the Peiho. They built a boat, into which they transferred the *Cormorant's* engines. But, alas! they would not work, and no one could set them going. "So Sang-ho-lin sent down four watchmakers from Peking. 'You are accustomed to machines,' said he; 'set that barbarian machine to work, or I will cut off your heads.' The unhappy watchmakers succeeded in lighting the fires and inducing the smoke to ascend through the funnel. This contented their taskmaster."

The Emperor was in a state of drunken, helpless imbecility. The rebels were making steady progress in the provinces.

THE WARSAW MEETING.

The following telegram reaches us from Berlin:—"The Prince Regent will arrive at Warsaw on the evening of the 13th of October. The Emperor Alexander, the Prince Regent, and the Emperor of Austria will meet on the 14th of October. As regards the Ministers who are to accompany the Sovereigns, nothing has yet been decided."

THE HEALTH OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA has lately been much more satisfactory, and serious apprehensions have been entertained by the medical attendants on his Majesty that a crisis in the disease under which he has so long suffered had now become imminent.

THE CONFLICT IN THE PAPAL STATES.

CAPITULATION OF THE PONTIFICAL TROOPS.

LAST week two divisions of the Royal Italian troops, each nearly equal in numbers to the whole of Lamoricière's motley array, marched simultaneously into those territories which we shall presently cease to call the Papal States. The division of Cialdini, marching from the emancipated Legations of Romagna, entered the province of Urbino, and followed the great coast road that extends to Ancona; whilst the province of Umbria, on the other side of the Apennines, was entered from Tuscany by Fanti. Their lines of advance were nearly parallel, the latter directing his course from Arezzo towards Spoleto, where the Papal General just then had fixed his head-quarters, whilst the former, keeping along the Emilian Way from Forlì and Rimini by the towns of Pesaro, Fano, and Sinigaglia, on the Adriatic shore, made straight for Ancona, before which port the Neapolitan squadron, under Admiral Persano, meanwhile arrived by sea.

Wherever the Sardinian armies appeared they were successful. Città Pieve, Castello, Orvieto, Foligno, Perugia, Urbino, Pesara, Sinigaglia, Fano, Fossombrone were occupied by Sardinian troops; while the tricolor was hoisted in various parts of the States. Perugia was taken on the 14th by General Fanti, after a hot fight, which we are told was continued in all the streets. At length the troops of the enemy withdrew into the fortress, which surrendered towards evening. Fanti's troops made 1600 prisoners, among whom was the infamous General Schmidt. Here, too, were captured six hundred of those unhappy Irishmen who set out for the Pope's succour.

We next heard that a column 1000 strong, sent by Lamoricière to embarrass the advance of the Sardinians on Ancona, had been repulsed after a hot engagement. Then came the news that Spoleto had been captured—without Lamoricière, however; but he has since been signally defeated.

It appears that the Algerine General made what haste he could with 11,000 men from Spoleto towards Ancona, in which fortress he had lodged, we believe, about 8000 of his troops at the beginning of these movements. But Cialdini was too quick for him, and, by occupying the positions of Torri di Jesi, Osimo, and Castel Fido, all within ten or twelve miles of Ancona, on the different roads leading to the interior, he shut the French General out. On Tuesday a desperate assault was made by Lamoricière on one post of the besiegers at Castel Fido, in conjunction with a sortie of 4000 of the garrison, and was defeated.

General Lamoricière, with 11,000 men, attacked to-day (18th) the positions lately taken by General Cialdini near Castel Fido. The fight, which was short but desperate, gives the following results:—The junction of General Lamoricière's corps with the remainder of his troops at Ancona is prevented. Six hundred prisoners have been made. Six pieces of artillery and a flag were taken. The enemy's wounded, among whom is General Pimodan, fell into the hands of General Cialdini. The losses of the enemy are considerable. A column of 4000 men, who made a sortie from Ancona and took part in the fight, was compelled to retire. It is being pursued by the Royal troops. Our fleet has opened fire against Ancona.

Here the affair did not end. A telegram from Turin, dated Thursday, says:—

After the battle of the 18th inst. the greater portion of the Pontifical army capitulated. The foreign troops will return to their respective countries. General Lamoricière, with a few horsemen, has succeeded in reaching Ancona by passing through the defiles of Monte Canaro. Outside Ancona there is not a single Pontifical battalion.

This seems to settle the campaign, and we need simply refer to the rumours previously circulated that the Pope intended to issue a manifesto calling upon the Catholic Powers for assistance. A few days since the *Pays* published a private letter from Rome, from a correspondent of whom it affirmed that he is generally well-informed. This writer avowed that the Cardinals, assembled in Consistory, had demanded the disbanding of the Pontifical army, upon the ground, first, that the state of the Papal finances rendered such a step necessary; and, next, that the feeble forces of General Lamoricière were wholly incapable of offering an efficient resistance to the powerful army of Piedmont.

GARIBALDI AND SARDINIA.

GARIBALDI appears now to be taking a very high hand. It is asserted that "a letter has been addressed by Garibaldi to the King, demanding the immediate dismissal of Cavour and Farini. Garibaldi also demands 30,000 Sardinian soldiers to garrison Naples. Garibaldi's letter is couched in respectful but energetic terms. The above conditions are specified by Garibaldi as the sine qua non of a good understanding between him and Piedmont. The King immediately dispatched a brief reply, but the contents of his letter are not known. The Ministry will communicate to Parliament the demands of Garibaldi, and will request its approval of their conduct. Should this approval be withheld, the Cabinet will tender its resignation."

We cannot be surprised to learn after this that great excitement prevails at Turin. A letter from that city, dated the 17th inst., says:—

As I announced, the official *Gazette* of this evening publishes the Royal decree convoking Parliament for the 2nd of October. The Session will be a very short one. It is even probable that it will not exceed ten days. The policy of the Government, as it is actually represented by the Cavour Ministry, will be submitted to the Chambers in juxtaposition to the policy of Garibaldi and his partisans, and the representatives of the nation will be called upon to make a choice between the two.

Should an imposing majority declare itself in favour of the policy of the present Cabinet, Count Cavour will naturally remain at the head of affairs, and I believe I am well informed when I say that the intention of the Count is to act with unflinching energy in the accomplishment of the new duties which a vote of confidence of the Parliament will entail upon him.

In case a doubtful or hesitating majority should support Count Cavour's policy, he will immediately resign his office to M. Ratazzi, who, perhaps, might obtain some concessions from Garibaldi, which, under all circumstances, are quite indispensable to prevent the Italian movement entering a fatal path.

At the present moment not the slightest concession can be expected from Garibaldi. M. Depretis has completely failed in his mission. He has been to Naples, namely, to induce Garibaldi to annex Sicily at once to Sardinia. The Dictator will not hear of annexation until the day when what he calls his programme shall have been carried out, which is nothing else than the promise to make Rome the capital of the Italian empire, and to conquer Venice.

Should he even consent to make some modifications in his plans, it would never be—it is Garibaldi himself who has just written it to the King in a letter brought to his Majesty by one of the General's Aides-de-Camp—except on the condition that M. Cavour and Farini should leave the Ministry.

This is the actual state of affairs. Form your own judgment as to how replete it is with danger.

Garibaldi has declared that he will soon proclaim the annexation of Naples to Piedmont, but only from the summit of the Quirinal, when all the Italians will be united at one national banquet.

General Sirtori is appointed Commander of the Army in the Dictator's absence on his expedition against the Papal States; Colonel Bertani, Secretary-General of the Dictatorship; Chevalier Colonna, Syndic of Naples; and the Advocate Mignona, Secretary-General of Police.

A sanguinary reactionary movement had taken place at Ariano. A detachment of Garibaldians were marching against that place.

Fifteen thousand Garibaldians have gone to besiege Capua, and afterwards Avenza. It is said that fifty thousand Neapolitans are behind the Volturmo.

Mr. Edwin James, M.P., had an interview with Garibaldi at Eboli. He thus describes it:—

On entering the large rooms of the Hôtel de Ville, or "Intendenza," I found throngs of people and their agitation and excitement were most striking. The National Guard of Siermo lined the avenues—priests of every denomination crowded to touch the "hem of his garment." Officers of State of the King were in earnest conversation with him, urging his coming without delay into Naples. Observing me enter, he came up to me and said, "Mr. Edwin James, let us speak together;" and we retired into a private part of the saloon. I divulge no confidence when I write to you that I had been requested by some persons of some importance connected with his assumption of power in Naples. "Sir," said he, and a peculiar lighting up of his countenance at once struck me, "diplomats doubt me. I shall be loyal to Victor Emmanuel. I love him as my life. I have served him without an oath. I shall immediately do all in my power to procure annexation to the King of Piedmont. But these things I must

do in my own manner." I mentioned to him that anarchy might prevail at Naples, and that all the hopes which England entertained of the regeneration of Italy might be neutralised. "Have no fear," he said, "of that. Immediately, if the people will support me, I shall do all in my power to promote the annexation to Victor Emmanuel." I told him, as he knew, that England loved liberty and order too, and that, upon the overthrow of tyranny, no time should be lost in the formation of constitutional government. "I go," said he, "to Naples in half an hour," and we hope to meet again there.

SARDINIA AND THE POPE.

The following diplomatic circular has been sent to the Piedmontese Ministers abroad, explanatory of the advance of the Sardinian troops into the Papal States:—

The Peace of Villafranca, by assuring to the Italians the right of disposing of their own fate, empowered the populations of many provinces of the North and Centre of the Italian Peninsula to substitute the national government of the King Victor Emmanuel for governments subject to foreign influence. This great transformation has been accomplished with admirable order, without disturbing any one of the principles upon which social order is based. The events which have taken place in the Emilia and in Tuscany have proved to Europe that the Italians, far from being actuated by anarchical passions, only asked to be governed by free and national institutions.

If this transformation could have been extended to the whole of the Peninsula the Italian question would have been settled at this very moment. Far from being a cause of apprehension and danger to Europe, Italy would be henceforth an element of peace and conservation. Unhappily, the Peace of Villafranca could only include a portion of Italy. It has left Venetia under the domination of Austria, and it has produced no change in Central Italy, nor in the provinces remaining under the temporal domination of the Holy See.

We have no intention of discussing here the question of Venetia. It will suffice for us to call to mind that as long as this question shall not be solved Europe cannot enjoy a solid and sincere peace. There will always remain in Italy a powerful cause of troubles and revolution which, despite the efforts of the Governments, will incessantly threaten an outburst of insurrection and war in the centre of the Continent. But it is well to leave it to time to settle this question. Whatever may be the sympathy which the daily increasing unhappy fate of the Venetians justly inspires, Europe is so anxiously occupied with the incalculable consequences of a war, she has so lively a desire, so irresistible a need of peace, that it would be unwise not to respect her will. But this is not applicable to the questions relating to Central and Southern Italy. Attached to a traditional system of policy which has not been less fatal to his family than to his people, the young King of Naples, from his accession to the throne, placed himself in flagrant opposition to the national sentiments of the Italians, as well as to the principles which governed civilised countries. Deaf to the counsels of France and of England, refusing even to follow the advice of a Government whose constant and sincere friendship he could not doubt, nor its attachment to the principle of authority, he rejected for a whole year all the efforts of the King of Sardinia to lead him to a system of policy more conformable to the sentiments which dominate the Italian people.

What justice and reason could not obtain a revolution has accomplished; a prodigious revolution, which has filled Europe with astonishment by the almost providential manner in which it has been accomplished, and excited its admiration for the illustrious warrior whose glorious exploits recall all that poetry and history can relate.

The transformation which has taken place in the kingdom of Naples, though it has been effected by means less pacific and regular than that of Central Italy, is not the less legitimate; its consequences are not the less favourable to the true interests of order, and to the consolidation of the balance of power in Europe.

As soon as Sicily and Naples shall form an integral part of the great Italian family the enemies of thrones will no longer have any powerful argument to bring forward against Monarchical principles. Revolutionary passions will no longer find a theatre where most insane enterprises had chances of success, or at least of exciting the sympathy of all generous-minded men.

One might, then, be authorised to suppose that Italy may at last enter a pacific phase of a nature to dispel European anxieties if the two great regions of the North and South of the Peninsula were not separated by provinces which are in a deplorable state.

The Roman Government having declined to take any part whatsoever in the great national movement, having, on the contrary, continued to oppose it with the most lamentable obstinacy, has for a long time placed itself in open hostility with the populations which have not succeeded in throwing off its yoke. To keep them down, to prevent them from manifesting the national sentiments which animate them, he has made use of the spiritual power which Providence has intrusted to him for an object far otherwise great than that assigned to the political Government. By presenting to the Catholic populations the condition of Italy under false and sombre colours, by making a passionate appeal to feeling, or rather to fanaticism, which still holds so much sway in certain unenlightened classes of society, he has succeeded in gathering money and men from every corner of Europe, and in forming an army consisting almost exclusively of strangers, not only to the Roman States, but to the whole of Italy.

It has been reserved to the Roman States to offer in our century the strange and sad spectacle of a Government reduced to maintain its authority over its subjects by the means of foreign mercenaries blinded by fanaticism or enticed by the bait of promises which could not be fulfilled, except by throwing whole provinces into distress. Such facts provoke, in the highest degree, the indignation of the Italians who have achieved their liberty and independence. Full of sympathy for their brethren in Umbria and in the Marches, they manifest on all sides the desire of helping to put an end to a state of things which is an outrage to the principles of justice and of humanity, and which wounds deeply the national sentiment.

Although sharing this painful emotion, the Government of the King thought it right hitherto to prevent any disorganised attempt to deliver the populations of Umbria and of the Marches from the yoke which oppresses them. But it could not dissimulate that the increasing irritation of the populations could no longer be contained without having recourse to force and to violent measures. Moreover, the revolution having triumphed at Naples, could it be stopped at the frontier of the Roman States, where it is invoked by abuses not less serious than those which have irresistibly drawn the volunteers of Upper Italy into Sicily?

By the cries of the insurgents of the Marches and of Umbria the whole of Italy was moved. No power can prevent thousands of Italians from rushing from the centre and from the north of the Peninsula to the aid of their brothers threatened with disasters similar to those of Perugia. If the Government of the King remained passive amid this universal emotion, it would place itself in direct opposition to the nation. The generous outburst which the events of Naples and of Sicily have produced in the masses would degenerate at once into anarchy and disorder. It would then be possible, and even probable, that the regular movement which has hitherto taken place might suddenly assume the character of violence and passion. Whatever power the idea of order may exercise over the Italians, there are provocations which the most civilised people cannot resist. Assuredly they would be more to be pitied than blamed if for the first time they gave way to violent reactions, which would lead to the most lamentable consequences. History informs us that a people who are now at the head of civilisation have committed under the Empire the most deplorable excesses for less serious causes. Should it expose the Peninsula to similar dangers, the Government of the King would be culpable towards Italy; it would not be less so towards Europe. The King would be wanting in his duties towards the Italians, who have always hearkened to the counsels of moderation which he has given them, and who have intrusted to him the high mission of directing the national movement. He would be wanting in his duties towards Europe, for he has contracted towards it the moral engagement of not allowing the Italian movement to degenerate into anarchy and disorder.

It is to fulfil this double duty that the Government of the King, so soon as the insurgent population of the Marches and of Umbria sent him deputations to invoke his protection, granted it to them at once. At the same time he sent a diplomatic agent to Rome to ask the Pontifical Government to send away the foreign legions which could not serve to suppress the manifestations of the provinces which touch upon our frontiers without forcing us to interfere in their favour.

On the refusal of the Court of Rome to comply with that request, the King has issued an order to his troops to enter Umbria and the Marches with the mission of re-establishing order there, and of leaving a free field to the populations for manifesting their sentiments. The Royal troops will scrupulously respect Rome and the territory which surrounds it. They would lead their support, should it ever be wanted, to preserve the residence of the Holy Father against any attack or menace; for the Government of the King will always know how to conciliate the great interests of Italy with the respect due to the august chief of religion, to whom the country is so deeply attached. In acting thus it has the conviction of not hurting the feelings of enlightened Catholics who do not confound the temporal power with which the Court of Rome has been invested during a period of its history with the spiritual power which is the eternal and immovable basis of its religious authority.

But our hopes go still further. We have the confidence that the spectacle of the unanimity of the patriotic sentiments which now burst forth throughout the whole of Italy will remind the Sovereign Pontiff that he was some years ago the sublime inspirer of this great national movement. The veil

which councillors, animated by mundane interests, had placed over his eyes, will fall, and then, recognising that the regeneration of Italy is a decree of Providence, he will become the Father of the Italians, as he has never ceased to be the august and venerable Father of all the Faithful. Turin, Sept. 12.

Simultaneously with the transmission of this important State paper we hear of a confidential despatch which has been placed in the hands of M. Thouvenel by the Sardinian Minister at Paris. The arguments in this document appear in the main to be identical with those of the memorandum; but the telegraph informs us that it contains an additional and most important fact, which could not well be communicated in a more formal manner—viz., that Garibaldi had given Piedmont to understand that if she did not at once disperse the foreign volunteers of the Papal army and occupy the Marches and Umbria he should immediately proceed to Rome.

ROMOURED ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

Europe was startled a few days since by the report that another attempt had been made to assassinate the Emperor Napoleon. On this occasion it was said the attempt was made at Toulon, and its success prevented by the timely interference of a woman, who struck the assassin's arm. He was insane. The Paris correspondent of the *Globe* declared that he was a mad jobber, who had gambled in Austrian securities, and being ruined by the collapse, financial as well as military, in that quarter, sought to avenge his wrongs on the French Emperor. Now, however, this report is contradicted—so tardily as to leave some doubt on the matter.

FRANCE AND THE INVASION OF THE PAPAL STATES.

BARON TALLEYRAND, the French Minister at Turin, has been recalled. M. Grandguillot has an article in the *Constitutionnel* on this step; he says:—

The object of the French Government in recalling its Ambassador from Turin is to express its dissatisfaction at the course which has been taken by Sardinia. But such a disavowal is far from a rupture. The interests of France and Sardinia, always coinciding, require that Piedmont should remain the insurmountable rampart of the Italian peninsula. The legitimate enlargement of her territory which she owes to our common victories and to the treaties, cannot in any case be compromised.

In another article M. Grandguillot inveighs against the extreme party, which, after having counselled the Pope to follow a policy without concessions, now advises him to take to flight without honour. M. Grandguillot recalls that as long as the French troops are at Rome the security of the person and the authority of the Pope are guaranteed. M. Grandguillot expresses an earnest desire that the Pope should not quit Rome, and continues thus:—

In expressing these wishes we have only in view the interests of the Papacy, for that which at present complicates the position of France is the presence of her army at Rome, and if this occupation could cease all would be simplified, at least in a political point of view. It is not Rome that we occupy, but it is the Papacy which we defend. Our occupation could in no case assume a political character. The first consequence of the flight of the Pope would be evacuation of Rome by the French, and in leaving we should carry with us great uneasiness respecting the future of the temporal power of the Pope.

M. Granier de Cassagnac declares in the *Pays* that, so long as France retains her rank among nations, no army, Republican or Royal, will be permitted to deprive the Pope of Rome or of the temporal power necessary for the full exercise of his spiritual authority.

THE POSITION OF AUSTRIA.

We have additional light thrown on the reported reconciliation of Russia and Austria. The Vienna correspondent of the *Times* was the first to publish the telegram announcing the reconciliation; and he now adds, what has been said before in other quarters, that some concessions by Austria to Russia, as to the revision of the Treaty of 1856, are the price of the new Russian alliance. He writes:—

As some of the foreign papers continue to question the correctness of the information which I forwarded to you by electric telegraph on the 9th inst., it may be as well to observe that a literal translation of my telegram appeared in the *Wiener Zeitung* without comment. It is not yet positively known how Austria managed to appease the ire of the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs, but it is very generally believed that Count Rechberg has given a promise not to object to a complete revision of the Treaty of 1856. Count Buol appears to be the scapegoat of this Court, for to him alone is now attributed the attitude of Austria during the war in the Crimea. The Hungarians fear that Russia will intervene, should there be an open quarrel between themselves and the Austrian Government, but Austria can never again ask for, nor Russia grant, material assistance against the Hungarians. A short time ago it was asserted that Austria would assist the Turkish Government should there be a general rising in Bosnia and the Herzegovina, but, as matters now stand, this Government will probably permit things to take their natural course in Turkey in Europe. Prince Milosch is at his last gasp, and his son Michael is too feeble to be able to make head against the powerful Russian party; so that Serbia is likely soon to become a very active member of the great anti-Turkish conspiracy, which extends from the kingdom of Greece in the south to the banks of the Danube in the north. Even at the beginning of August there was a great coolness between Russia and France, and about the middle of the month the Emperor Napoleon expressed his conviction that the St. Petersburg Cabinet was playing a false game with him. The news of the reconciliation between Russia and Austria must, however, have taken the French Government by surprise, for neither the Duke de Montebello, nor the French Chargé d'Affaires in this city had even an inkling of what was going on.

STATE OF TURKEY.

A VERY gloomy picture of the state of the empire of the Sultan is given in the letters from Constantinople. In addition to the political troubles indicated by the increase of the Russian army in Bessarabia, the finances of the State are in a wretched condition; the pay of the army is in arrear; money is borrowed at fifty and sixty per cent, and the revenue of next year is largely mortgaged.—

The state of this country at the present moment is critical in the extreme. To establish this proposition it is not necessary for me to speculate upon the probability of serious disturbances in the European provinces; neither need I inquire what the "something in writing" between the Governments of France and Russia may be, nor seek to divine the motive for the continual augmentation by the latter Power of the very large force which she has concentrated in Bessarabia. These are clouds impending which, though heavily charged, may yet pass over. The Syrian business is a stern reality; but this, except in so far as the outlay which it involves is concerned, I will not now call in aid. Apart from all these there is an evil, day by day increasing, which, unless the Turkish Government receive some assistance from one or more of the Powers, must in a very few months bring us face to face with the Eastern question in its formidable aspect, under circumstances, too, which will admit of no further postponement of its solution. The finances of this country are in such a state as to leave no alternative between a foreign loan and a revolution. If the former be not obtained, to the latter it must inevitably come. Under the present system the Government cannot be carried on. What is to take its place?

The revenue of the Turkish Government, roundly stated, amounts to 1,200,000,000 piastres, or, at the present rate of exchange, something under £11,000,000. The current financial year commenced in March, 1860: 700,000,000 piastres of this year's revenue had been anticipated, and the money applied to expenses which should have been defrayed from the revenue of the preceding year: 500,000,000 piastres, therefore, alone remained for the service of the State during this year. By anticipation of the revenue I mean either the premature sale of some particular title or other source of income, or the pledging of it as security for money lent to the State. In like manner 250,000,000 piastres of the revenue of the next year have already been disposed of and the money expended. Notwithstanding this, the whole of the civil servants of the Government are six, and the army is on an average three times as many, months in arrear of pay. There is not a farthing in the treasury, and the Government exists from hand to mouth, by borrowing at 50 per cent. Even this it appears no longer able to do; for the last loan which has come to my knowledge is one of 75,000 Turkish pounds, obtained from a firm in Galata for three months, at the rate—difference of exchange, interest, and commission taken into consideration—of 60 per cent per annum; this, too, cured by the making over of a residue of the unpledged proceeds of the Constantinople Custom House. To complete the picture, more than a passing allusion to the enormous outlay which the recent events in Syria must entail can scarcely be necessary.

THE MASSACRES IN SYRIA.

ACHMET PACHA, late Governor-General of Damascus, was shot at midday on the 8th instant, at Damascus, by order of Fuad Pacha. The execution was private. Osman Bey, who betrayed the Christians of Hasbeya; Ali Bey, who commanded the troops at Damascus when the massacres began; and Mustapha Bey, who also betrayed the Christians at Hasbeya, were all shot at the same time.

Damascus is perfectly quiet, and the Moslems all over Syria are subdued. Lord Dufferin was at Damascus two days before the execution.

The French troops are still at Beyrout. According to advices from this town, Fuad Pacha, after having consulted with General Beaufort D'Hautpoul, had called together the chiefs of the Metualis, and prohibited their giving any refuge to the Druses. It was said that military operations would commence after the hot weather. It was asserted that Fuad Pacha had prevented the outbreak of an insurrection at Nablous.

In explanation of the recent outrages we have, in the *Times* correspondence from Beyrout, a letter said to have been written from the Greek Bishop of Tyre and Sidon to the people of Rasheya, written upon sheepskin of the size of an octavo page, with the episcopal seal in the corner, "of the importance of which," says the correspondent, "as evidence of authenticity in this country the reader does not need to be informed":—

"In the exterior ring is a Greek inscription, which I was unable to decipher, and within that again, in the centre of the seal, is the sentence, 'From the humble Sephronius, Bishop of Tyre and Sidon.' By the side of the seal there is this other sentence written, 'Glory to God for ever; from the humble among the high priests, Sephronius, Bishop of Tyre and Sidon,' and then comes the letter itself, of which the following is as exact a translation as I could procure:—

"To our Glorious Children, exalted and greatly honoured, Sheiks, Gentlemen, and Elders of our Nation, the Orthodox, in Rasheya of the Valley,—May you remain for ever honoured. May there be bestowed upon you the blessings of Heaven, and I beseech the Creator of the universe that your lives may be preserved, and that you may be successful. I desire to see you increase in all health and wealth.

"We declare unto you, my children, with respect to present events occurring among the Druses, who are corruptors upon the earth, and the authors of unjust deeds which are notorious, and of unlawful acts which are according to their religion, that our Christian people, beloved in the Lord their God, have awakened, and so likewise have those who hold high power, and who are overshadowed by the providence of the Virgin, to overcome the Druses, whom Satan has prompted to these evil deeds.

"Now there has been a general meeting on the mountain of Lebanon of the chiefs of the people of Zahleh, Deir-el-Kamar, Kesrawan, Jezzin, and of the neighbouring places; and they will be as one hand against this nation (the Druses), small in numbers and weak, in destroying them, in shedding their blood, in taking their goods and possessions, and in driving them from out of the land which before was that of your forefathers, the orthodox nation.

"Especially because there has come to us a letter from his Holiness, our lord, the exalted Patriarch, instructing us to aid the aforesaid people as they may determine; and for this purpose came the letter, that you may every one of you be prepared with all necessary arms, and that you should strengthen each other. Hereafter, inform thereof our Christian children in your neighbourhood secretly, in order to overcome your enemies, the Druses aforesaid.

"It is determined here (at Hasbeya, where the Bishop resided) that on Monday next, if it please God, there shall be fighting under the venerated Princes, for it is not unknown unto you that they strengthen our power and show zeal to all our people. Wherefore make yourselves ready, and through the blessing of our Sovereign Mother of God, the country will be cleared of your enemies in all directions, of whose enmity to your religion you need not be informed. May our blessing for ever be upon you."

The letter is signed again at the foot, "The author and writer, the humble Sephronius, Bishop of Tyre and Sidon."

"Of the value and importance of this letter," says the *Times* correspondent, "supposing always that it did really emanate from the Greek Bishop of Tyre and Sidon, people in England will be the best judges, but the Druses look upon it as most essential to their defence. They maintain that it clearly establishes the existence of a conspiracy among the Christian sects of Syria, or at least among certain of them, to promote a war of extermination and desolation, and they regard his Grace's warlike mandate as the excuse and justification of what they have done—the massacre of defenceless persons excepted. They assert that the Druses were compelled to embark in war to defend their lives and property; that if it was ruthless it was no fault of theirs, since they were threatened with death or expatriation. These are the Druse arguments."

We have also a long exculpatory narrative by the Druses, accusing the Christians of commencing the disturbances, but omitting (and this looks suspicious) all reference to the horrors of Hasbeya and Rasheya.

A MOHAMMEDAN COMMINATION.

A letter from Alexandria of the 5th says:—"A singular Arab proclamation has been stuck up on the doors of all the churches in Saint Jean d'Acre, and circulated throughout Syria. It begins in this way:—

A figure of an Imam (a sort of Mussulman monk) holding a sword and dealing a cross.

The cross is surmounted with a mark to indicate that it has been spat on. The proclamation then says:—"The Mussulman nation to the nation of impiety, bad faith, and perjury, which has deceived every one, and has unjustly exalted itself on the earth. To you we say, you are full of pride, like ungrateful and insolent liberated slaves, and you have spread perfidiousness through the earth in which we had planted good; and because you obtained support from the Government you have committed acts such as no other nation ever perpetrated before. By Allah! (this is the strongest form of oath a Mussulman can employ) you are only dogs! The massacre of you is a sweet triumph; and it is pleasant to see the sharp sword of death fall and cause you horrible torments; and, since you are now deprived of everything, you have become as many dogs! May the malediction of Allah fall on you, on your race, and your cross, because your religion is an imposture. The religion of Mohammed (may Allah watch over and salute him!) is based on truth; and at a later date you will see the true religion spread over the whole earth. Your blood, your honour as husbands, and your prosperity are ours. You have passed the limits fixed, and those who do so lose those three things! You are yourselves the authors of what has taken place; for Allah the Most High has said in his blessed book: You shall eat what your hands have gathered; and Allah is not unjust to his subjects! You pretend that Ayssa (Jesus)—may peace be with him!—is among you. God forbid, however, that he should be, for he cannot be content with you. You are destined for the flames, and you will there find the chastisement of what you have done. May Allah not relieve you, for his book says, 'Every offence calls for vengeance!'"

MM. MANISCALCHI, father and son, notorious for having been the most active agents of the late King of Naples' tyranny at Palermo, were arrested on the 7th at Caserta, and taken under escort to Naples.

SYDNEY WITHOUT SOLDIERS.—In a letter from Sydney we read:—"In Sydney we are quite denuded of soldiers, not having more than 120 effective men left. We have no volunteer force to do duty temporarily, the colonists having been singularly remiss in this respect. Their deficiency is at this moment rendered the more striking by the fact that two regiments of French soldiers are now on their way to Sydney, en route to New Caledonia, and will, doubtless, come on shore here—perhaps ask leave to camp, to stretch their legs after a long voyage. Of course everything is all right, and our 'loyal ally' would never take any mean advantage; but people cannot help asking themselves whether, if a sudden rupture with France were to occur, Sydney would not be in an awkward fix with a couple of thousand French soldiers in the town, and no defence, military, or naval. People hardly know whether to laugh or to be seriously frightened at the idea. However, the occasion will, doubtless, lead to the establishment of some effective local force which shall guarantee a proper security to the city."

GARIBALDIAN CHAPLAINS.

The followers of Garibaldi are certainly not unaccompanied by those whom they are accustomed to consider their spiritual advisers; and, although the monks who are bearing arms in the cause of Italian independence may be representatives of a Church particularly militant, it will scarcely be denied that they are engaged in a cause so righteous as to demand of their manhood some demonstration of more than ordinary energy. At all events, the fighting clergy have already done some service in the engagements which have taken place, and some of them seem to have renounced their more priestly offices for a time that they may contribute to the need for armed men. The large black cross of Padre Giovanni, for instance, did execution on the enemy at Calatufimi, although it is not generally recognised as being among the carnal weapons; and the brave and fiery priest fought also at Melazzo until he was thrown from the horse which he bestrode with so imposing an air.

As to the soldierly man who carries a rifle and to the cowed frock of the monk adds the loose trousers and red fez of the Zouave, he was, at the outbreak of the revolution, a reverend monk of some superior order. Most of them, with the exception of the older priests, who are necessarily non-combatants, have adopted a strange dress, composed of the military and the ecclesiastical.

THE "VELOCE" ATTACKING
A NEAPOLITAN VESSEL IN
THE PORT OF CASTELLAMARE.

Our Engraving represents one of the exciting events in the late war in Italy, events which have afforded the artists who accompanied the Garibaldian expedition such numerous opportunities of depicting the progress of the great General by a series of extraordinary pictures. On this occasion the General had proceeded to the port of Castellamare for the purpose of attacking the *Monarca*, a Neapolitan vessel supposed to contain arms, and the steamer *Veloce* assisted at once in the assault. After a severe struggle the *Monarca* went aground and the Captain was killed. It was afterwards discovered that there was nothing in the shape of munitions of war on board, so that instead of making a capture the chains of the vessel were cut, and she was left to her fate.

REGGIO.

THERE are two cities thus named in Italy, one of which is in Northern Italy, and the capital of the Duchy of Modena. But the Reggio of which we write, of which we have engraved a View, and of which, at this juncture, every one ought to know something, is the most southern of Italian seaports. It is the capital of the province of Calabria, and stands on the east side of the Strait of Messina.

"Reggio (says 'Murray's Handbook for Southern Italy') is a town, with spacious streets, rising gradually from the broad Marina towards the richly-cultivated slopes of the hills behind it, among which are scattered numerous villas. It was almost entirely destroyed in 1783, and was rebuilt on a new plan. Many of its public buildings are remarkable for their architecture, particularly one of the fountains on the Marina. Among its public institutions are a library, hospital, and chamber of commerce. The climate is particularly healthy, and adapted for the production of the fruits and flowers of both hemispheres. The date-palm attains a considerable size, and produces fruit; the castor-oil plant abounds in the gardens; the roads are bounded by the American aloe and the cactus, and the neighbour-

hood is one continued grove of orange, lemon, and citron trees. Nothing can surpass the beauty of the scenery, particularly the view from the Marina towards the coast of Sicily. It is difficult to imagine anything more delightful than a lounge in the colonnade of the fountain in a cool summer's evening, when the magnificent mountains behind Messina are thrown into relief by the setting sun; and in almost all the prospects towards the south Etna forms a prominent object. With these advantages, added to its agreeable society, the hospitality of its inhabitants, and the amusements of a good theatre erected in 1818, Reggio cannot fail to offer a pleasant place of residence. Rhegium is supposed to have been founded by a colony from Chalcis, in Euboea, and to have been subsequently reinforced by colonies from Æolia and Doris. A colony from Messene settled here B.C. 723, under their general Alcidas, after the capture of Ithome by the Spartans in the first Messenian war. In times long anterior to the Roman conquest it was one of the most flourishing Greek republics, and was celebrated for the number of distinguished philosophers, historians, and poets which it produced. During the Athenian expedition to Sicily the Rhegians observed so strict a neutrality that they refused to admit the army of Athens within their walls; and when Dionysius of Syracuse, anxious to secure their alliance, requested a consort from the city, the inhabitants offered him their hangman's daughter. Under the Roman rule it was called Rhegium Julium, to distinguish it from Rhegium Lepidi, on the Via Æmilia, near Modena. Scarcely any town in Italy has suffered such severe or such frequent reverses. It was almost deserted, in consequence of repeated earthquakes, in the time of Augustus, who contributed largely to its restoration. In 549 it was taken by Totila; in 918 by the Saracens; in 1005 by the Pisans; in 1060 by Robert Guiscard. It was reduced to ashes by Frederick Barbarossa; it was sacked by the Turks in 1552, and burnt by them in 1597. Lycophron the poet is said to have lived at

bold character, and are broken by deep hollows and ravines, and clothed with forests of massive trees. There are many pastures, however, in the region of La Sila, but towns or hamlets are very few. Around the coast of Calabria Citra there are some cultivated tracts; that near Rozato yields olives, capers, saffron, corn, and cotton. Southern Calabria has many towns and villages, various culture, and fine woods, and its scenery is decidedly superior to that of Sicily. The environs of Reggio are celebrated for their beauty, and its neighbourhood is well stocked with cattle.

The arts and manufactures of Calabria are in a very depressed state. Silkworms are largely cultivated in some places, and silk is produced in tolerable quantities, and of good quality. It has a darker colour than in any other Neapolitan province, in consequence of feeding the worms on the leaf of the red mulberry, which prevails in many parts of this territory.

The province of Calabria produces corn, rice, oil, wine, and fruits of every kind; sugar, manna, honey, tobacco, saffron, resin, liquorice, many medicinal plants and dyes; forests of oak, elm, chestnut, and other trees. It has also veins of gold and silver, iron, marble, and alabaster, and yields, besides, crystal, rock-salt of the finest kind, and sulphur. Great numbers of fish surround the coast, and game abounds in the forests.

CAPTURE OF REGGIO.

THE STRUGGLE IN THE PIAZZA DUOMO.

On landing in Calabria, Garibaldi lost no time in pushing on to Reggio, which he attacked as soon as he could get his troops up, notwithstanding the exhausted state they were in from the forced marching they had gone through. They were divided into three columns. The chief attack was led by Garibaldi, whose object was to get possession of the higher

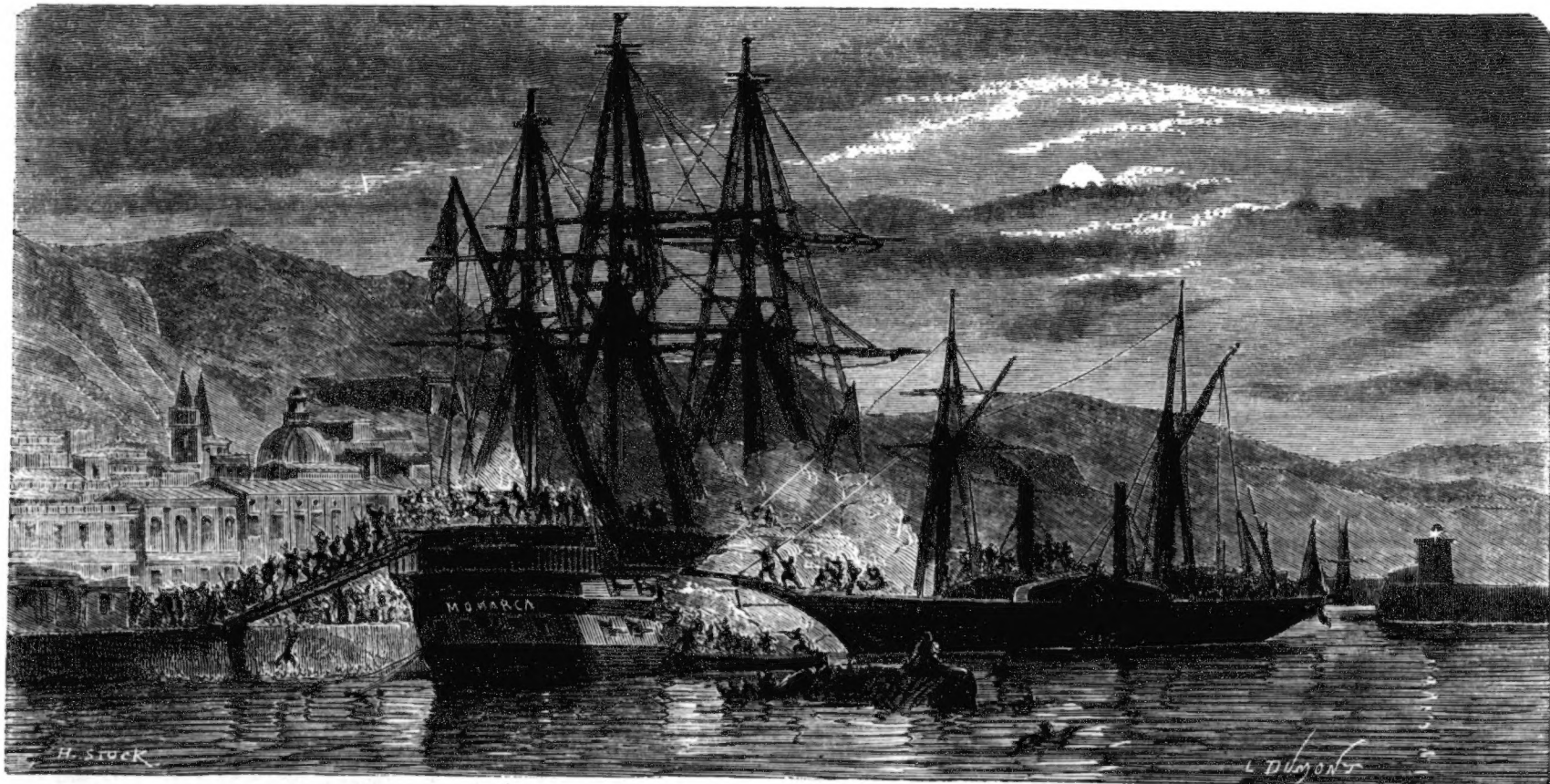


GARIBALDIAN CHAPLAINS.

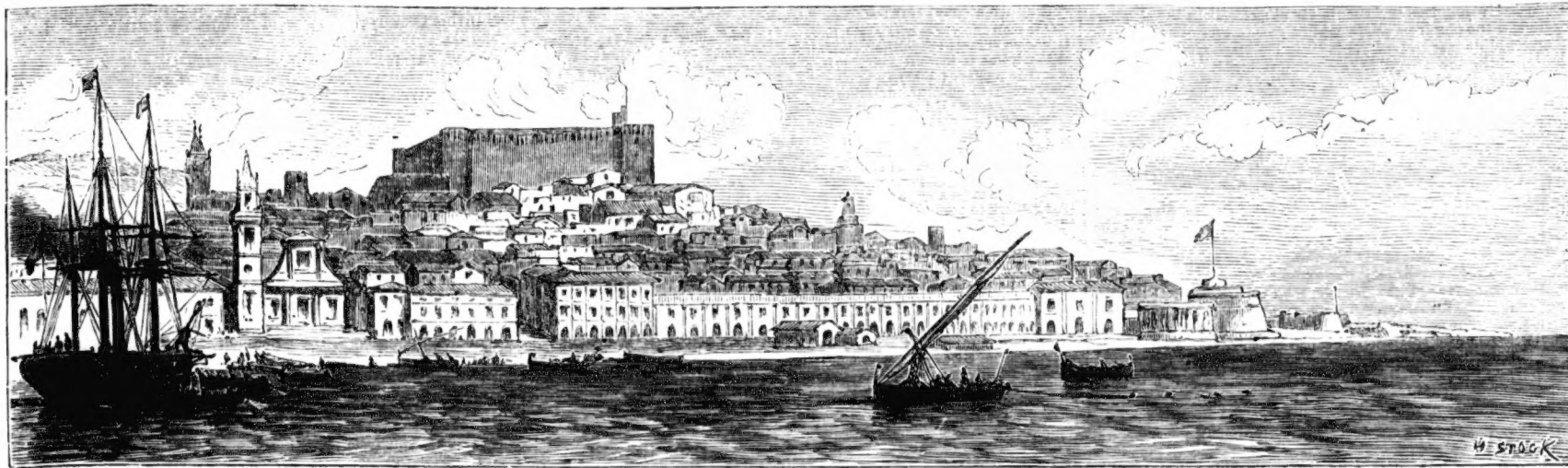
Rhegium for some time, and St. Paul visited it on his voyage from Caesarea to Rome: 'And from thence we fetched a compass, and came to Rhegium; and after one day the south wind blew, and we came the next day to Puteoli.' The Bay of Reggio is remarkable for the optical phenomenon called the Fata Morgana, which occurs only at high tides, when the most perfect calm of sea and air prevails. It is extremely evanescent, and is usually seen about sunrise, but is of rare occurrence. Reggio is backed eastward by the imposing group of the Aspromonte, whose highest peak, Montalto, is 4380 feet high. Its lower flanks are clothed with forests of beech and oak, and its higher regions with pines."

The city is well fortified, well supplied with water, is the see of an archbishop, and has a collegiate church, said to be the best in all the continental dominions of Naples. Since the earthquake of 1788, which almost completely destroyed the city, Reggio has but slowly recovered its prosperity. It has been laid out in a regular plan, which, when completed, will render it a handsome city. A wide road, called the Marina, extends along the seashore, parallel with which the principal street runs through the centre of the town. The houses are in general good, and, as it stands on a gentle declivity, it is well drained. It has several convents, a Royal college, hospital, founding asylum, and a handsome theatre, besides several silk and glove factories.

No part of Europe presents more magnificent scenery than Calabria. On entering it from the north at Monte Giordano the undulating hills are lost, the Apennines assume a steep and



THE ATTACK BY THE "VELOCE" ON THE NEAPOLITAN SHIP "MONARCA."—(FROM A SKETCH BY M. BELLARDAT)

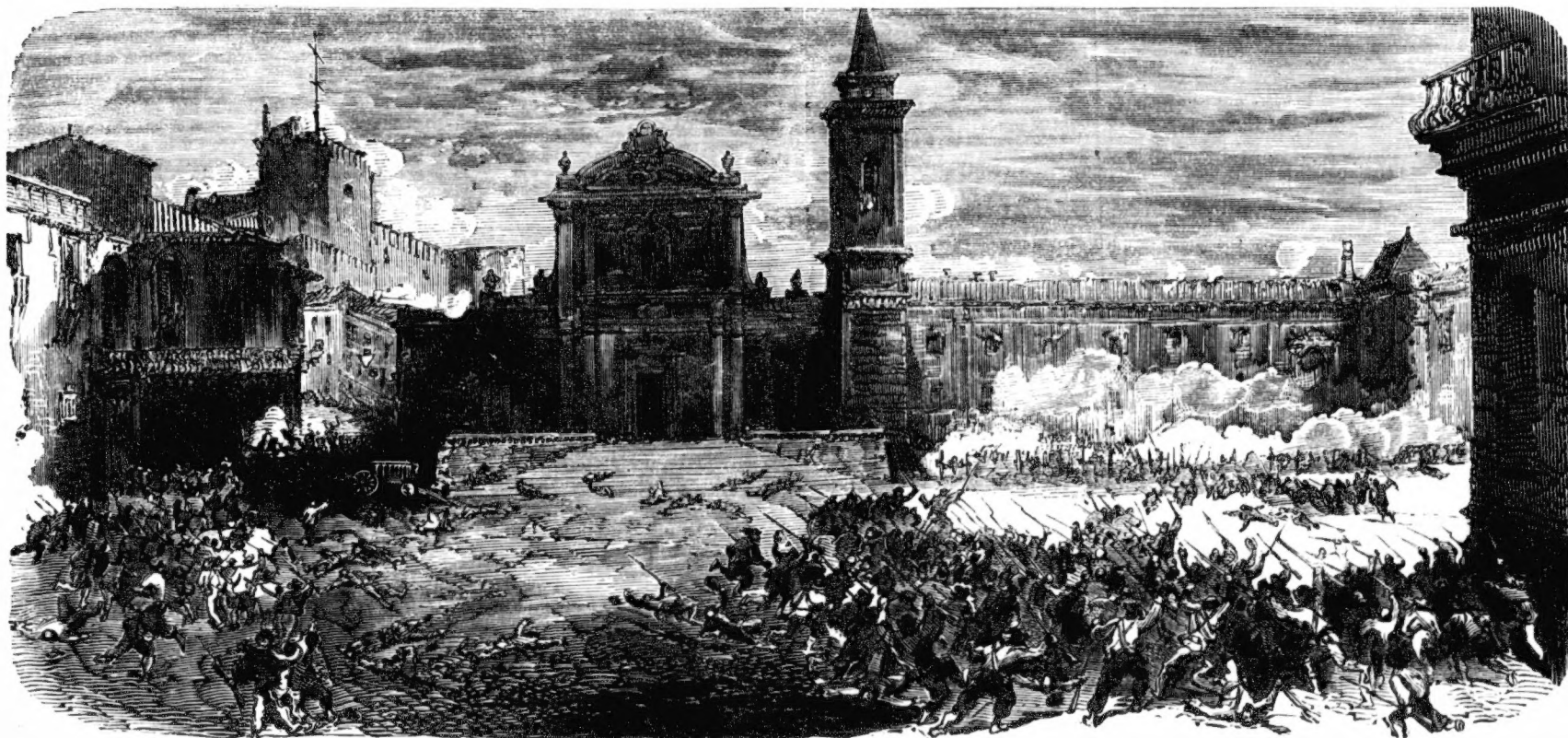


GENERAL VIEW OF REGGIO.—(FROM SKETCHES BY DURAND BRAGER.)

part of the town and of the hills immediately around it. Bixio operated against the centre, towards the bridge; and the column to the left advanced towards the seashore. Whether the Neapolitans were resolved from the first not to fight very desperately, or whether they were discouraged by some other circumstance, is not clear; at any rate

they soon gave way. On the left alone they attempted some resistance. Garibaldi, with a few men, had taken possession of a *cascina* opposite to their position until a sufficient reinforcement could be brought up to charge with the bayonet. At the first attempt the Neapolitans gave way, and the column entered the town, chasing before it

the Neapolitans, who fled in all hurry towards the opposite end of Reggio. In the meantime Bixio had likewise entered by the main street to the Piazza of the Duomo, where some hard and obstinate fighting took place, as also in the street leading from the Piazza, where eight guns were captured by the volun-

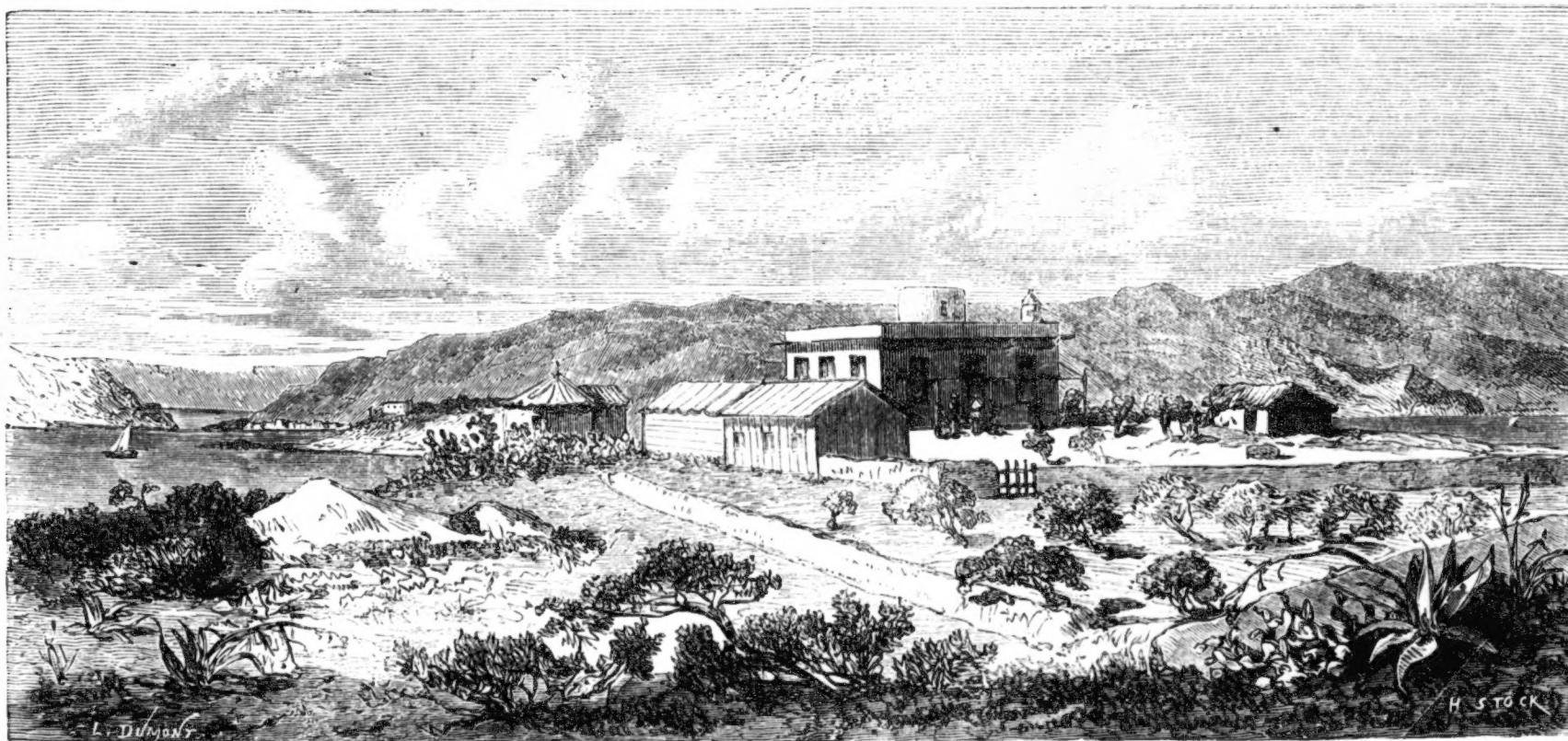


CAPTURE OF REGGIO.—THE STRUGGLE ON THE PIAZZA DUOMO.—(FROM A SKETCH BY DURAND BRAGER.)

teers who, at the barricade to the left of the church, performed some remarkable deeds of daring. They fought like lions, driving the Neapolitan soldiers before them, and taking many of them prisoners, while the rest dispersed and made their way towards San Giovanni. The town was thus clear in less than two hours from the time the first

fire began. The fort alone remained. The losses had been trifling on both sides. They would have been more serious, and perhaps would have prevented success, had the Neapolitan steamers, of which there were not less than seven, done as they did at Palermo. But they had evidently orders not to fire on the town. They merely sent a few shot

and shell towards the road while the column was advancing, but ceased firing as soon as the latter had entered the town. Besides this their attention was soon called to another point. It will be remembered that Cosenz had got everything ready for a descent on that coast of Calabria from the Faro Point at the first notice of the attack on Reggio. Ninety



GARIBALDI'S HOUSE AT CAPRERA.—(FROM A SKETCH BY COLONEL BORDONI.)

boats full of men were waiting for this movement in the lake, where they escaped the notice of the only Neapolitan steamer which had remained towards the entrance of the Straits, the others being engaged at Reggio. As soon as the first cannon-shots were heard from Reggio sixty of the boats started, and made a rush for the other side, when they were quickly followed by the thirty others. Both the steamers from Reggio and the one from above made a race to overtake the boats, but all they could do was to send shots on to the beach and shatter the empty boats, while the troops they contained took a position on the heights. Besides, they had soon to think of their safety, for the Faro batteries began to open.

While this intermezzo of the bold move of Cosens was going on at the Faro, Garibaldi, having driven the Neapolitans out of the town, took measures to blockade the fort of Reggio. All these shore forts have their real line of defence towards the sea, while comparatively little attention is paid to the land side. Thus, with the fort of Reggio, three sides of it are closely surrounded by houses, and only that looking to the sea is free, while the heights above look completely into it. All the issues having been occupied, as well as some of the houses, one of those desultory firings began which rarely lead to anything except a number of wounded on both sides. Among those who suffered on this occasion was Bixio, the commander of the brigade, who was grazed by a ball on the left forearm. The fort answered with grape and round shot until about eleven a.m. The column under Missori arrived and went up to the heights. Being mostly composed of good rifle-shots, the Neapolitans soon left their guns on the platform and retired into the casemates. The commander himself was mortally wounded by a bullet in the breast, and soon after the white flag appeared on the fort of Reggio.

The terms made were those which were given at Melazzo—the garrison to evacuate with arms and baggage, leaving behind all the matériel of the fort. These conditions might seem too favourable; but it must be recollected that time is a great agent in Garibaldi's combinations, and a thousand stand of arms, or a thousand prisoners, more or less, cannot come into comparison with it.

As it was, the spoil was not bad—eight fieldpieces, with horses and all; six 32-pounders; eighteen position-guns, from 18 to 24 pounders; two Paixhan 10-inch guns; five hundred stand of arms, a quantity of coal, ammunition, and provisions, besides a number of horses and mules.

GARIBALDI'S HOUSE AT CAPRERA.

EVERYTHING which has become associated with the name of Garibaldi will henceforth be looked upon with interest, even though there may be nothing remarkable about it to recommend it to one's notice. The home of this great and noble man will one day be preserved as those of Washington and Shakespeare have been; pilgrimages will be made to it; and pages of romance will be written as to the scenes that were enacted here and the plans which were projected to free an oppressed people from the rule of a tyrant, descended from a race of the most loathsome of all the Royal houses of Europe. Our engraving represents the home of Garibaldi, which is thus described by one who visited the General here just previous to his departure to join the campaign in Northern Italy. "I was received," says he, "by the General, who came to the door to welcome me, which he did in such terms that I at once felt myself at my ease. The garden round the house is uncultivated, except here and there, where patches of vegetables have been planted. It is inclosed by a wall, and, with the exception of a few fig-trees, there is neither foliage nor flowers. The house, which was built by Garibaldi, is of very modest pretensions, and is very plainly though comfortably furnished. Much of the furniture belonged to his mother, and the many little souvenirs, both of her and his late wife, he called my attention to with a sadness which was so intense and real that I felt the warm tears running down my cheek. There is one room in which he seems to hoard these domestic treasures, and this is so crowded that to circumnavigate it without upsetting some valued object is almost an impossibility. The room in which the General slept was fitted up like a ship's cabin, and on the walls were various weapons of European and foreign manufacture. Every part of the house was scrupulously clean, and the garden around, although not ornamented by flowers, was free from weeds, and the turf kept well mown."

Surely, if any place deserves to be kept in the memory of mankind on account of the associations which some great historical personage have lent to it, the house of Garibaldi, the brave, simple, and patriotic liberator of Italy, will merit a place among the world's most suggestive localities.

REPULSE OF THE ENGLISH IN NEW ZEALAND.

WE have now accounts (briefly noticed in our last) of another colonial disaster, in which twenty-nine officers and men were left dead on the field, and thirty-three wounded. The *Taranaki Herald* gives the following account of the affair:—

The cause of the attack was the firing by the rebels on a reconnoitring party of the 40th Regiment. It was resolved, if possible, to dislodge them from their position at Puketakare. Guns were brought up from New Plymouth, and a body of blue-jackets from the frigate. The weather at the time was boisterous, and the force had to make its way through mud. The Puketakare Pah consists of two stockades; one upon the intrenchments of the old pah of the same name, the other new, and apparently without intrenchments. They stand on a ridge of two small gullies. These gullies meet a little below the pah, and open on a swampy ground in the Waitara Valley, forming a sort of long Y, the stalk towards the river, and the stockades in the fork. The main body, consisting of the Grenadier and Light Companies of the 40th Regiment, under Captain Richards, and sixty blue-jackets, under First Lieutenant Battiscombe, of the *Pelorus*, with the artillery, approached the pah by the direct road from the camp, and at six o'clock a.m. the guns were brought to bear, and the men extended on the north-west or seaward side of the pah, the smaller gully being between them and it. With this division were Major Nelson, and Captain Seymour, of the *Pelorus*. A second division of about fifty men, under Captain Messenger, was posted on the flat of the Waitara, to cut off the retreat on that side; and a third, under Captain Bowdler, passed along the river banks and attempted to take the pah in the rear. The natives knew the nature of the movement, and many of them went out of the stockade, some trying to escape. On these last Captain Messenger's men were doing great execution, and for a time it appeared as if the rearward attack would succeed. But an immense reinforcement from the inland settlements of Wi Kingi arrived, and a fierce battle ensued, the natives greatly outnumbering the troops. The grenadier company of the 40th Regiment and the blue-jackets formed the right wing of the main party in front, and extended beyond the head of the gully, facing partly round towards the south-west side of the pah. Large numbers of the enemy came to the brink of the gully, and the pah was probably almost empty. The combatants were about 150 yards apart, divided by the gully, firing briskly and steadily, but not able to close, except where the right wing overlapped the head of the gully; and here a desperate struggle took place with a party of natives who had a trench at one of the outworks of the old fortifications. Here was the hottest fighting and the greatest loss sustained by this division. Early in the day a messenger of the rebels was seen to start from the rear, and, between nine and ten o'clock, large reinforcements came from inland, part of which, as we have already said, attacked the second and third divisions, and the remainder outflanked the main body in front. Having held his ground for some time without reinforcements arriving, or any signs of a diversion appearing, Major Nelson gave orders to sound "the retreat." The artillery was brought to bear with murderous effect on the pursuing rebels, who were thus kept at a distance. The first division arrived first at the camp; the others were much harassed in their retreat, and in this movement Lieutenant Brooke and the other gallant fellows were killed. They had to fight their way to the camp. Our troops retired before a vast numerical superiority. Officers and men fought with steadiness and energy, under a fire which an Indian officer compares to that at Ferozeshah and Sobroon, and which a soldier of the Crimea states to have been hotter than that in the Retam. The gallant Capt. Seymour, of the *Pelorus*, received a bullet in the leg. Lieut. Brooke sold his life dearly, and fell only when his sword arm was helplessly wounded. Non-commissioned officers and privates were recognised, in some cases, singly and coolly firing on large groups of the enemy, and then as coolly retiring. The enemy, too, showed unexpected resolution, and have proved the first body of men able to meet the British bayonet. A gun had to be abandoned. This sanguinary fight would have been the annihilation of the native force at Waitara had more troops been present. The large army assembled about Ingi is a fine comment on the policy of our Government, which stands idling with mild addresses and Maori Parliaments, while the men whom it seeks to conciliate gather by the thousand, with arms in hand, to give that

dignity to the deliberations of their senators which belongs to a sense of their power. The blazing houses of Tataraimaka, in the rear of our retreating column on that side, are a further illustration of the system of pausing between every blow in a struggle to make overtures to the foe, and ascertain if he has made up his mind to continue the contest.

Another account says:—

One man there was who could have made this affair a decisive victory. It was an enlarged repetition of Waireka. Succour was needed, and it was at hand, but it was withheld. Here was no undivided responsibility, no orders to hamper; it lay in the hands of the commander of the forces to co-operate, to succour, or promptly to retrieve. One after another he neglected or declined these opportunities as they passed. He did not create a diversion; he delayed when he should have hurried to relieve; and he marched his eager men back to quarters when he should have gone forward to renew the strife. I see no justification of the course of Colonel Gold on Wednesday. I will not fail to give it its proper name, for there is no pleasure in using harsh words, and mild ones will not express my opinions. It is fitter for me to be a mere annalist, and easier to leave the facts without further remark to yourself and the public. In the nature of things, it must surely be that some way exists of removing a person so unfit as Colonel Gold from a station of such great trust as he now occupies.

IRELAND.

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE EARL OF LEITRIM.—An attempt has been made at Mohill to shoot the Earl of Leitrim—it is said by a lunatic. The *Evening Mail* publishes the following account of the occurrence:—"About two o'clock on Saturday, as Lord Leitrim was returning from presiding at a meeting of the board of guardians, and while passing the shop of a man named James Murphy, he was fired at, the charge, consisting of three balls, narrowly missing his Lordship. It happened that two policemen were in the neighbourhood at the time, who, having observed a puff of smoke proceeding from the shop door, entered, and found Murphy standing in front of the shop, holding in his hand a gun, which had evidently been discharged only a moment before. It appears that a few days previously Murphy had sent a written challenge to Lord Leitrim, and this circumstance, coupled with the fact of his making the attempt in a public street, and at an hour of the day when detection would have been inevitable, leads to the supposition that the unfortunate man laboured under aberration of mind." Another account states that Murphy made attempts on the life of a member of the family some weeks since. When seized he had in his possession a loaded pistol, as well as the blunderbuss with which he fired at the Earl of Leitrim.

THE DEFENCES OF IRELAND.—Extensive works are now in progress at different parts of the old Castle of Carrickfergus, batteries being proposed to mount six Lancaster guns. The masonry of this fortress is of great strength, and when the guns are in position the whole of Belfast Lough will be effectually commanded. A local paper remarks that Lancaster guns, properly served, ought to be able to sink any ship of war that might attempt to pass up the Lough.

THE PROVINCES.

RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE AT COLCHESTER.—A few days since Government intimated its intention to withdraw a promised grant of between £500 and £600 towards the erection of new national schools for Colchester, upon the ground that the subscribers had passed a resolution rendering the production of a certificate of baptism, or other proof of the child having been admitted into the church, necessary for admission into the school. Notwithstanding this clearly-expressed opinion, a majority of a meeting of subscribers has refused to rescind a former resolution, and has determined to enforce the baptismal test.

THE NORWICH FESTIVAL.—The Norwich Festival commenced on Monday. The programme of the performances presented several interesting novelties. In particular, a new oratorio, "Abraham," by Molière, composed expressly for this festival; a new cantata, "Undine," by Benedict, founded on the beautiful tale by De la Motte Fouqué; and a selection from the "Armida" of Gluck. "The Creation," "The Last Judgment," "The Dettingen Te Deum," and Mendelssohn's psalm, "As the hart pants," were also performed. The principal vocalists were Mme. Clara Novello, Mme. Weiss, Miss Palmer, Mme. Borghi-Mamo, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Wilby Cooper, Mr. Santley, Mr. Weiss, and Signor Belletti; and the conductor was Mr. Benedict.

THE AGAPEMONE.—After a series of unsuccessful attempts to rescue his wife from the influence and custody of the arch-Agapemone, Brother Prince, the perseverance of the Rev. Lewis Price has at length been rewarded. Mr. Price received information, on Friday week, that his wife was at Exeter; but when he went to that city in search of her she had left. His agent, however, traced her and a Mrs. Starkey to Salisbury, where they purchased new bonnets and wearing apparel, in order to effect their disguise. Mr. Price was telegraphed for, and on his arrival Mrs. Price was captured, and on Wednesday she was conveyed home by her husband. However, the domestic troubles of M. Price have apparently not yet ended. His wife has obtained a writ of *habeas corpus*, requiring him to produce her, and to show cause why he had forcibly removed her from the Agapemone.

THE PROPOSED MANCHESTER COTTON COMPANY.—A meeting was held in the Mayor's Parlour, Manchester, a few days since, for the purpose of establishing a cotton-purchasing company, to encourage the growth of cotton in various parts of the world, particularly in India and Australia. Mr. Thomas Bazley, M.P., presided, and stated the reasons for the establishment of this company. After referring to the cotton question in India, &c., he particularly adverted to the cotton-growing capabilities of Queensland, North Australia, the Governor of which, Sir George Bowen, declares that the area capable of such production is equal to twice that of France. Cotton-growing had fairly begun in the colony, and labour and capital were only wanting to give this industry a large development. Mr. Hugh Mason, Mayor of Ashton, moved a resolution approving the public constitution of the company and naming provisional directors; the company to be considered as formed as soon as one-half the capital of £100,000 is subscribed. He showed that this was an object which a joint-stock company could properly take up. He urged the peril of relying solely on America, and showed that the manufacturing districts were fast approaching the condition anticipated some years ago by the chairman, when they would be using up 50,000 bales of cotton per week. He produced a sample of Mediterranean cotton, just received, for which he would willingly pay 11d. per lb., and quoted a letter from India, showing how the company's agency might be advantageously worked. Mr. Littledale, of Liverpool, seconded the motion, stating that twenty years ago he had told the late Sir Robert Peel that the time would come when this country would be in danger of a cotton famine as much as it was, then, of a corn famine. That time was nearly come; and it behooved the trade to avert the danger. The motion was put from the chair, and carried unanimously. Letters were read from Mr. John Cheetham and Mr. Dunlop, of Glasgow, favourable to the proposed company.

A MAN'S HEAD BLOWN OFF.—As the Stourport volunteers were starting off to the Gloucester review on Tuesday morning, a frightful accident occurred and one which induced several of them to abandon the journey. This corps went to Worcester by water, and thence proceeded to Gloucester by rail. The barge which conveyed them to Worcester was mounted with a small cannon. This was fired twice as they were about to start, and at the second time of firing the accident occurred. In the starting, of course, the vessel rocked a little, and just as the cannon was fired the second time the motion of the vessel raised the mouth of the cannon in such a way that instead of the material with which the gun was rammed being stopped by the bank of the river, it unfortunately went above, where a great number of persons were assembled. The charge caught a man named Felton, and took off all the upper part of his head.

IN A SINGLE WEEK as many as 2363 mountaineers of the Caucasus, 750 Tartars of the Crimea, and 370 Nogays—in all 3993 individuals—arrived at Constantinople by sea. Some of the mountaineers immediately took up their residence in the environs of Gallipoli, intending to remain there permanently.

EXTRAORDINARY BREACH OF CONTRACT.—Howes and Cushing's American Circus visited Dumfries on Monday, and gave two exhibitions in a large marquee in the Dock Park. At the evening exhibition something like a riot arose out of the refusal by the manager to abide by his agreement—viz., to pay a sovereign to any one who would ride a mule three times round the ring without being thrown off. A lad named Quin, who is in the employment of a horsedealer, undertook the feat, and insisted that he had ridden the mule three times round the ring and kept his seat, notwithstanding that the reins had been cut by one of the circus people, and everything had been done to prevent his succeeding in the trial. The manager, on the other hand, averred that Quin had not ridden in jockey fashion, had nearly choked the animal by clutching it round the neck, and had only ridden round the ring twice, a portion of the spectators having interfered. Quin's claims were loudly backed by a large number of the audience, and a great uproar was the result, in which some of the benches were smashed. Quin stuck to the mule, and proceeded to take it away home with him, followed by an immense crowd, cheering and yelling in a state of great excitement. The money was ultimately paid to Quin, and the mule restored. At the last visit of this circuit to Dumfries a similar occurrence took place; the lad Quin on that occasion also claimed to have won the money, which he did not get.

Literature.

The Psalms in Metre. By C. B. CAYLEY, B.A., Translator of Dante's "Divine Comedy;" Author of "Psyche's Interludes." Longman and Co.

Those of our readers who have any recollection of "Psyche's Interludes" will open a new version of the "Psalms," by Mr. Cayley, with great curiosity. In all Mr. Cayley's verse there is a strong mannerism (the precise elements of which it would be interesting to analyse, if this were the place for doing so); but his power of varying his pauses and lifting the meaning of a poem over the head of the rhyme and time without unpleasant straining is so great, and (though peculiar) so unaffectedly used, that an attempt by him to render the "Psalms" into English verse, with a view to combine as much as possible the effect of the proper rhythmic form of the Hebrew and the charm of the Western lyric, without sacrificing the sense, and expressly aiming at adaptation to congregational use, has large claims upon our attention. The ground taken by this experiment is, however, so very debatable and our space so limited that we are forced rather to describe than to criticise, and are able to do even that but imperfectly. Our own opinion has always been that the "Psalms," in bulk, are not adapted for use in Christian worship at all. The naive avowal of Dr. Watts, that where the Psalmist had used sharp words and strong imprecations in reference to his enemies he had "not thought it amiss" to "turn the edge of them against the Christian's spiritual enemies" may serve to indicate one point of inadaptation. We are quite within bounds in saying that there is no book whatever, in either ancient or modern literature, in which such imprecations are so numerous. Again, the God of David is always Jehovah, "a great King, above all gods;" and a sense of untruth, incongruousness, and affectation comes over the mind when we moderns, who know nothing of other "gods" and do not live in a state of perpetual physical conflict with near neighbours expressly distinguished from ourselves by their worship of idols, are made to take up such phraseology. Again, the teaching of these ancient poems is, undisguisedly, that the good are always prosperous, and the wicked like the chaff before the wind—teaching which had a meaning in the lips of the poets of a theocratically-governed nation, but which is reversed by the New Testament and modern experience both. To these points (and others which might be mentioned) it must be added, last, but not least, that King David was a man of extraordinarily exceptional character and experience, and that it is unreal, even to the very edge of the absurd, when a large mixed congregation takes up as one man some of those mighty old psalms of penitence and conflict, which are as alien to average modern habits of thought and feeling as the architecture of the Temple at Jerusalem to that of the Reform Club. The real truth of the matter is this:—Some of the Psalms speak the universal, unchangeable language of devotion in all peoples and all ages; and partly for their sake the whole collection is accepted in public use. Then, again, the very Psalms in which the most incongruous and unchristian elements occur have an antiquarian interest, and, above all, a dramatic charm, which keep their old place for them in the teeth even of sincerity and good judgment. We believe that their continuance in this place is the chief cause of the poverty of our own devotional poetry. Unconsciously, the Psalms have been taken as a model when they should only have been used as a private fount of inspiration by the hymn-writer. But modern devotional feeling positively refuses to run down into these ancient moulds; and we get, in consequence, hybrid hymns, fit neither to read nor to sing in private or in public—compositions in which the inhabitant of a country where oaks, elms, and lindens are familiar to his imagination aspires to be "like a young cedar, fresh and green;" while a Manchester warehouseman describes himself as a sheep carried in the arms of a tender shepherd by the side of a watercourse, or as a traveller in a thirsty land sheltered by a rock.

Into the question of the desirableness, or the contrary, of using all the psalms in public worship, Mr. Cayley does not enter. They are, in fact, and are long likely to be, so used, and there are several very bad or very indifferent rhymed versions of them. After touching, in a preface of great beauty and intelligence, upon the faults of these versions, Mr. Cayley says—

What prevents us now, if we write in couplets, from abridging, and breaking into proper divisions, the rhymes that would be otherwise so wordy and ill-assorted? I don't pretend that any regular metre will be always satisfactory; but I have been anxious to find one that, on the average, gives a verse unit of convenient shortness, and which also, if need be, can be modified, without offending the ear, by an occasional intercalation of feet within the line or lines within the stanza. Such a metre might be formed even by couplets of two equal lines, such as Pope found so suitable to his brief and pointed rhetoric; but then, the repetition of equal lines, though very good for satirical or didactic poems, is essentially unlyrical and unpoetical. The more brilliant kinds of poetry demand proportions, and not a time equivoque in the elements of metre (*versibus inpariter junctis*). But why should not unequal couplets be permitted, of such various lengths as in my specimens? (See Psalms xxxix, xiv, x, &c.) They have been used continuously by Ben Jonson, and in our own time approved by the ear of Landor. Such couplets, too, are often embedded in the finest of the old Italian canzoni; and the first poetical translation of the Psalms, and one far from being the worst that is extant, was in Greek elegiac couplets. I do not say I have used the same kind of couplet all through the Psalter, but most of my metres spring from very simple variations of that in Psalm i. I have not, however, been so despatchingly minded to the quatrains as not to admit in many places where the predominant heavy structure of the verse seemed to make it suitable, as witness part of Psalm xlvii, in which I have often followed the Scotch version.

We select, to give some idea of the freedom and boldness of Mr. Cayley's version—

PSALM XXIX.

- 1 Ascribe unto the Lord, O sons of light,
Ascribe worship and might;
- 2 The glory of his name confess;
Worship to the Lord address,
In solemn pomp with holiness.
- 3 The Lord's voice on the waters broad!
Thunders of the glorious God
Across the mighty waters rode.
- 4 The Lord his voice was heard with sov'reign'ty,
His voice with majesty.
- 5 The Lord his voice hath cedars bent,
Yea, the boughs of cedars rent
Adown from Lebanon he sent.
- 6 A-dancing by his voice were thrown
Like a bullock Lebanon,
Like a reebuck Sirion.
- 7 The Lord his voice betwixt the lightnings flew,
In pangs the waste it threw.
- 8 Throes did the waste of Kadesh seize.
- 9 The Lord's voice the tall fir-trees
Cleft, and laid bare the bushy leaves.
- 10 All in his temple praises cry;
The Lord o'er the flood sat high;
A King the Lord sits ever and aye.
- 11 The Lord will give his people strength, and bless
With peace his chosen race.

Mr. Cayley says there is "an inherent insuperable obstacle to anyone's writing a really poetic version of the Psalms (or most of them) that shall also be a serviceable liturgic rendering—at least, until the composer of psalm-tunes shall be controlled by the versifier, instead of controlling him, as hitherto, and shall apply some undeveloped resources of his art to produce accompaniments for such couplets or stanzas as are at first adopted, in deference to the structure of the Hebrew, without consulting him." Now, without admitting that the composer of tunes for public worship entirely controls the psalm-writer (the 148th, for example, was written before Ravenscroft composed the tune; and, as soon as a hymn in a new measure is written, somebody or other composes the music for it), it is very certain that the composer who arranged the music for such a version as this, with its difficulties of pause and accent, must be a man of rather exceptional ear and quite exceptional culture for a musician. And it would certainly be awkward to

have a separate tune for every psalm, make musical education what you will. But there is, undoubtedly, as Mr. Cayley says, "room for a version which attempts a special function without pretentiously derogating from the functions of the rest—that is, a version aiming, in the first place, at that truth and propriety in poetic form and diction which we commonly demand in translations of modern classic authors, for the free pursuit of which qualities it declines the ceremonious exactness of prose-renderings, and also the modernising paraphrastic or conglomerative license of those made to sing in church or chapel;" and the lovers of Hebrew poetry are greatly his debtors for the liberality with which he has expended taste, scholarship, and labour upon this very suggestive experiment. We attach great value to his introductory remarks and to the Notes on the Psalms, which occupy eighty pages of close, small print. And they suggest the remark that commentaries would be more profitable, as well as more readable, if they were written by men of such faculty as Mr. Cayley. The change from Dryadust to a poet and scholar is a change unspeakably refreshing.

No biblical library is complete without this book, and to any library whatever it must be an ornament and a welcome addition. We know how futile is all such dictation, but our own very respectful counsel to Mr. Cayley would be to select some of the purely devotional psalms (if any such exist), and re-elaborate his versions of them with an eye to greater fluency both of meaning and metre.

The English Lakes. By the Author of "Historical and Descriptive Handbook to Edinburgh," "The Land of Scott," &c.—Nelson's Handbook to Scotland for Tourists. By the Rev. J. M. Wilson, Author of "Handbook to Edinburgh," &c. T. Nelson and Sons. The difficulties of decision are well known to be increased by the disagreements of doctors. In purely medical or surgical cases the procrastination consequently induced has repeatedly been known to be absolutely fatal to human death. The obstacles in the way of choice become so enormous that the unhappy patient cannot select, and of course recovers. Now, cases of which the above is a fair though fanciful illustration, occur every autumn in very many English families. The summer is over (where there has been any), and immediately the mind of the mistress is directed towards board wages and yellow-crape covers for the chandeliers and picture-frames. Brown holland reigns supreme. The family is going out of town. Where? is the question. The boys shout for the coast—bathing and yachting; the girls remember where camps were, and would repeat the visit; but Boulogne has no longer its camp, its gay costumes, its notes of revelry from every café, its imposing mass on the heights at six a.m. Pater is allowed no voice, and Mater's is drowned. Too often discord defeats the proposed trip, and the family finally recover from their nomadic tendencies. In a dilemma like this it is well to set seriously to work at guidebooks, and settle upon a plan of proceedings. It is time to drop (if possible) that ever-beaten track down the Thames, south, and west to Brighton. There is nothing new under the South Foreland.

Here are two books, issued by the Messrs. Nelson, which are well calculated to save much time spent in unavailing discussion. "The Handbook to the English Lakes" we can especially recommend for its unpretending and pleasing style, and for its careful arrangement, which suggests routes, and points out alphabetically every place and every object of interest that ought to be seen. To every garden or field, mansion, or classic cottage—for the Lakes have left many places to which deep interest attaches, by way of reward for much premature contumely—to every place is given the history, the anecdotes. Sometimes the poetic illustrations and the "dry details" are given with a light hand which need not tire the reader.

The work on Scotland is almost similarly arranged, but it is, of course, far more extensive. In one respect its plan is superior to that of its English companion. The alphabetical principle is adapted to each route or division, and thus, with an index, much time is saved, and much preliminary want of knowledge made to be unimportant. In a second we find our way to John o' Groat's, and learn that it was a structure of the early part of the sixteenth century, built by a Dutch settler of the name of John de Grot, who was "notable for a whimsical contrivance to prevent family strife." Unhappily, he "died and made no sign"—at least we never heard of any successful application of his scheme. By-the-way, the house is now but a few substructures on a small grim knoll.

At the present moment these works will meet with a cordial welcome, and they may be recommended for their praiseworthy industry on subjects which deserve the best attention. Both volumes are illustrated by many maps and tinted plates of scenery.

Pansies. By FANSHAWE BROOK. Bell and Daldy. In total ignorance of the age of the author of this volume, we cannot "reckon him up" with confidence. We should think, however, that, having read enough of human nature to write "Romney's Wife" (the principal poem), he must be too old to be educable into such a poet as he would like to be.

It is a remarkable instance of the appropriateness of certain poetic forms to gifts of a certain quality, that while Mr. Brook utterly fails in shorter measures, whatever his subject, he does achieve a certain success in blank verse and rhymed heroics. "Romney's Wife," "Fox-Hunting," and "The Last Day of the Mistletoe" are the best things he has given us here. We are tempted to quote a bit of

KISSING.

Kate, ruddy-cheeked with life's declining sun,
Stands, comely centre of the shrieking fun.
"She's had no sweethearts!" "Nobody courts Kate!"
She's passed the mistletoe with ne'er a mate!"
"Christmas is done—Kate's our last Christmas show!"
"Out with her! out under the mistletoe!"
And Kate is hustled by the health-nerved hands
Of two bright maidens bound to her commands.
Will, laughing Madge, a sunburnt gipsy-queen,
Presses electric diamonds out between
Her black-fringed lids, squeezed close to hold the bright
O'er-brimming fountains of their laughter-light.
And gentler Rose—with her sweet lady-face,
Transfigured to the dainty glittering grace
Of some arch mischief-spirit, pure and fair
As the soft bands of her own flaxen hair,
Coiling their sea-shell curl about her head,
—Rose dances up, on strong elastic tread,
And springs on Kate; then Madge the other arm
Gripes fast; and, wild with youth, with laughter warm,
Smites with her firm, fresh coral lips, the cheek
Of panting, helpless Kate, who cannot break
The strength that pinions her on either side,
Good hearty jovial soul! Nor can she chide
The merry voice that banters in her ear,
As two eyes, drowned in sunny blue, appear
Within an inch of hers—and Rose has brushed
The flushed cheek that Madge's coral crushed
With her soft, milky chin and dewy lip;
And now they clasp her in their healthy grip,
And dance her up and down—and kiss, and shake,
And kiss again—till Kate could scarcely take
Her laughing oath, so wide her reason reels,
Whether her head supports her, or her heels.

Summer Songs. By MORTIMER COLLINS. Saunders, Otley, and Co. A volume of verse which, in one important particular at least, shines out from the crowd of pretensions and unpretentious volumes in which the present age is so prolific. Almost all the songs are very good of their kind; and small but successful attempts are pleasant results, just as we would prefer crossing the Channel in safety to being wrecked in the Mediterranean; and there is scarcely a line that is not thoroughly readable. The writer has an astonishing facility in inventing rhythm and rhyme; and, whilst it occasionally carries him very far beyond the bounds of good taste, it never carries him beyond his reason, but makes it sweeter by virtue of the music. Mr. Collins's language dashes about like spray, and, spraylike, will sometimes become

unsightly through contact with unsightly things. Poetry, surely, should steep itself in the "pure well," and not flounder in the muddy ditch of slang. Poetic license is one thing, coarseness of expression is another. Our antiquarian poets do not go to the poets of Elizabeth to pick up Elizabethan "fas" expressions. Mr. Tennyson (Mr. Collins's great idol) does not use one word which the most delicate young lady's lips had better be without. Mr. Collins's muse does not scruple to talk about a "stunning sort of bonnet."

Many of these poems have already been printed in *Fraser's Magazine*, *The Idler*, *Dublin University*, &c. They will be read with pleasure by all who like light, indolent reading, have a taste and ear for melody, and who do not wish to be instructed or to "have their conditions ameliorated." Nothing great is attempted; the author runs along the old-established and agreeable line of passionate devotion to "lovely woman," to wine, to woods and fields. Sometimes he diverges to tell a little story, and in these he is most felicitous. "The Ghost of Bolton Ryde" we already knew—a gracefully-written effort of delicate humour, reflecting much of the nineteenth century in its playful allusions to Edwin Arnold, Frangipanni, &c., &c. Is there, occasionally, a dash of Mr. Browning? Decidedly not, in daring of thought or grasp of character. But there surely is in the ring of the lines and in the occasional surprise in the shape of a Latin rhyme. A glance at the verses called "King Arthur" will satisfy the reader. The volume is not, by-the-way, composed entirely of blue eyes, sunny hair, teeth and lips, and other things which go to make up poetic stock-in-trade. There are some few serious pieces, glimpses of England in the olden days, and one or two attempts at translation. Mr. Collins reminds us, in his preface, that he has already "written a book"—"Idylls and Rhymes"—that it was praised and abused. He does not think that he has improved, and has but little hope of improving, as he does not give himself up entirely to the cultivation of verse. We happen to remember the former volume, and may fairly say that, with years, Mr. Collins has fulfilled much of the promise. The present volume is a great advance on the former; but, for reasons given, we give it no place in the front rank. There is an astonishing difference between "verses" and "poetry." The majority of these are verses—excellent verses.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S TOUR.

LEAVING MONTREAL.—ST. ANNE'S.

The Prince of Wales left Montreal (as we recorded last week) on the 31st of August for Ottawa. The route the Prince took was a sort of compound progress by rail and boat alternately. After once leaving Montreal, with its quaint, tall, silent streets, and marine limestone houses, there is very little to see before you come to St. Anne's, and over this part of the journey he accordingly went by special train.

At St. Anne's the Royal party alighted to proceed on board the steamer for Carillon, and at this point there was a prospect worthy of attention. The St. Anne's river is one of the most picturesque of all the many noble tributaries of the great Canadian Father of Waters. The stream is wide, dark, and rapid, hedged in by steep, lofty, richly-wooded banks, and forcing a swift and devious way through little aits and islands, all clothed with trees down to the water's edge. A railway bridge of singular beauty spans the stream, where two steep headlands confine it to its narrowest limits, and from this point the finest prospect can be gained. You look down far beneath you on the quick black sheet of water, closed in by hills and cliffs, and studded over all its surface with beautiful little islands, while higher up, as on a slope, is the summit of the stream, marked by a dim, rough, tumbling line of foam, where the rapids of St. Anne's, which Moore has so immortalized in his "Canadian Boat Song," begin their rush and whirl. As compared with the rapids of St. Lawrence, the great breakers of the Long Sault, or the mighty rush of the cascades, those of St. Anne's of course are nothing. But there is something wild yet quiet in its rich scenery, something in the equal, solemn flow of the rapids, which befits the plaintive music in which Moore has sung them, and which makes the whole scene seem not strange, but a beautiful prospect with which you were long familiar and had long been parted from. From this, the quietest little gem of Canadian scenery, his Royal Highness went by steamer to Carillon. Here he again took the railway across a wild, woody country; and, after a run of fourteen miles by rail, the party again embarked on board the *Phoenix*, and steamed away to Ottawa.

OTTAWA.—THE LUMBER-MEN.

As the steamer neared the new and very upstart village now called the capital of Canada, the sky became black and overcast, and the rain came down with the drenching vehemence familiar to Royal landings in this tour. Just as this set in the procession of lumber-men in their canoes, paddling down the Ottawa to meet the steamer, came in sight. The *Times* special correspondent says:—

A more striking or more characteristic procession in honour of the Prince has not been seen since he landed in America. At first it seemed like a dim crowd of red colour on the water; but as it drew nearer and nearer the quick, regular chants of the Canadian boatmen could be heard, and the long, sharp outlines of the canoes, with their quaint ornamented prows, just turning up above the surface of the water, over which they came gliding like arrows, without noise or ripple, were seen. All these little skiffs were of light birch bark, beautifully painted, and each carried from six to fifteen men, in the scarlet tunics which on State occasions is the lumberer's grandest uniform. Their song had nothing in it of the long, melodious air which in England is popularly supposed to be peculiar to these Canadian voyageurs. The half-caste Canadians only sing in their canoes when boating the light, thin, rickety cradles in which they journey for thousands of miles up against a stream, or coming full speed down it through rocks and over rapids which would make a man giddy to look at. Their song, therefore, is only meant to accompany the quick beat of their paddles—a strange rhyme, which the man in the bows gives out, and to which the rest of the crew respond with one or two short words of hoarse chorus as they strike their paddles straight down over the sides into the current. But all music sounds well on the water, and the quick, rough strains of this song came modulated by the distance into perfect melody; and the effect of the whole—the mass of scarlet canoes dancing lightly down the river, the bold, picturesque headlands on which Ottawa is intended to be built, with grand, heavy falls of the river in the background, boiling up into a cloud of smoky spray as if the river was on fire—all made together one of the strangest, wildest, and most beautiful scenes that the Prince has yet seen.

Lumberers care little for rain, or frost, or snow, or, indeed, any other form in which nature may show her inclemency, so the downpour made no matter of difference to them as they paddled down to the Prince's steamer, shouting and waving their paddles with half-frantic gestures. They seemed delighted, not only at the honour of being chosen to receive the Prince's steamer, but at the opportunity it gave them of showing their strength and skill as they whirled round their canoes in the water, and, breaking out again into their wild, quick song, kept pace with the *Phoenix* with as much ease as if she had been a sand-barge. It would be difficult in any country to have seen a finer, more athletic, and, I may add, a browner body of young men than these same 1200 lumberers. Their boats seemed to shoot along without an effort, and, among some 120, collision seemed inevitable, but just as one heavy canoe, impelled by fourteen powerful brawny fellows, seemed on the point of running down another, a quick turn of the long paddle in the stern altered its course in an instant, and, without stopping their hurried song, they all kept gliding on together, so light, so quick, so easy in their movements, that it more resembled flying in its gentle rapidity than any other motion I have yet seen.

The Prince landed at Ottawa a little before dusk. There was a Royal salute, and there would have been a procession but for the rain. His Royal Highness and suite were lodged at the Victoria Hotel, which, with the Roman Catholic cathedral, at present form the only two buildings worthy of the name in Ottawa. All other and less distinguished visitors shifted as well as they could, which was ill enough.

The next day (Saturday, the 1st of September) was really bright and beautiful—a fact worth recording, considering that the day was fixed for ceremonial and rejoicing in honour of the Prince. This day he laid the foundation-stone of the new Parliament Buildings. Over the entrance to the new grounds, which were inclosed, a handsome Gothic arch was erected. In the round open space there were tiers of seats containing several thousand spectators. The central space was reserved for the Prince and suite. The roads leading to the spot were lined with volunteers, hosts of lumbermen in scarlet shirts, Orange societies from the country, mounted and clad in Orange frocks, and bands of music. After the Parliament Buildings came a revê, which was soon over, when

the Prince drove round the town. The few conveyances that were in Ottawa then let at once at five dollars an hour, and at this rather heavy figure were taken up eagerly, so that before the Prince had gone one hundred yards he was followed by a long train of vehicles of every kind, all splashing through the mud in wild confusion. The little town was soon traversed almost from end to end, and nearly every street elicited new expressions of approbation at the singular architectural beauty and grace of its triumphal arches. After this drive there was a déjeuner in rather a more costly style than usual, from which his Royal Highness retired early, for he had yet to visit the Falls of the Ottawa, the Lumber Arch, and the timber-shoots. This he did at five o'clock in the afternoon, all Ottawa and as many of the inhabitants as could be spared from the surrounding wilderness being on the road to cheer him and follow him in all he did and in all he saw.

The Prince drove from the Victoria Hotel to the suspension bridge over the Falls, where the whole mass of the river comes tumbling down a series of huge cliffs of a laminated kind of limestone, with a cataract coming over them. These Falls are wonderfully picturesque, more so for their decayed masses of rock than for their rush of water. At one corner of the Falls, removed from the turbulent mass of foam and mist, in the centre, is a stream called the "Lost River," where a part of the Ottawa drops down over the columns of rocks and disappears in a deep, unfathomable hole at the base. The Prince and his suite stayed for a long time inspecting these ruins of cataracts, and then returned under the Lumber Arch.

This arch—one of the finest and most characteristic of the country the Prince had yet seen—was erected by the lumber-men. It was a broad and lofty structure, in form like the Marble Arch of Hyde Park, but built entirely of planks of raw deal laid transversely one over the other, without a nail or fastening of any kind from first to last. Light as it seemed, there were nearly 200,000 lineal feet of plank used in its construction. The Prince, as, indeed, every one who saw it, was astonished, for its effect, though not easy to describe, was wonderful.

From this arch the Prince went down the banks of the stream to the head of one of the longest timber-shoots, where a raft had been prepared for him to run down these artificial but most rapid of all Rapids in this part of America. The *Times* correspondent thus explains what a timber-shoot is:—

When the great mass of lumber is brought down to the Falls of the Ottawa, a special contrivance is of course necessary to get it past them, as the result of letting it over the Falls themselves would be simply to destroy the logs. For this purpose, then, a certain portion of the river is dammed off, and turned into a broad wide channel of timber, which is taken at a sharp incline along the banks of the river, and down which, of course, the waters of the Ottawa rush at terrific speed. The head of this shoot is placed some 300 yards above the Falls, and terminates, after a run of about three quarters of a mile, in the still waters of the river below their base. As, however, a raft on such a steep incline, and hurried along by such a mass of water, would attain a speed which would destroy itself and all upon it, the fall of the shoot is broken at intervals by straight runs, along which it glides at comparatively reduced speed, till it again drops over, and commences another headlong rush. Some of these runs also terminate with a perpendicular drop of some four or five feet, over which the raft goes smash, and wallows in the boiling water beneath, till the current again gets the mastery, and forces it on faster and more furiously than before. More than 20,000,000 cubic feet of timber come down the shoots of the Ottawa in this manner each year. The rafts are generally made of from fifteen to twenty trees, with two transverse ones to secure them at each end, and a kind of raised bridge for the lumberers to stand on, who without such aid would be washed off it, as the mass drops from shoot to shoot down these rapids and disappears some few feet under water with each plunge.

Of course every possible precaution was taken to ensure strength and careful guides for the raft on which the Prince was to rush down the shoot. Only the immediate members of the suite and a few gentlemen, in all about twenty, were allowed to be on it. When these were fairly settled down, the Prince sitting on a raised plank, between the Duke of Newcastle and the Governor-General, the rope which held the mass of timber against the current was cut, and instantly the raft began to move.

At first it went with a slow, stately motion, but gradually, as it entered the narrower parts of the shoot, where the incline began, the speed quickened, and every one held fast as the first jump and steep descent drew nearer. Before you could well say it was coming the mass slid over the edge with an uneasy kind of gliding leap, and went rushing down faster and faster till there was another jump, and then a straight run which plunged the beams under water, wetting some of the suite to the knees. Quicker and quicker the beams flew by, and faster and faster the raft plunged down, growling and creaking; now half hidden by the boiling water, into which it dashed at the end of each shoot, gliding rapidly along the logs of the straight runs with jerks and thumps as if it was being forced over rocks till it came to another jump and another steep incline, taking each one faster than the others in one grand headlong sort of flying whirl. To go down the Rapids of the St. Lawrence is nothing, but to go down the rapids of a timber-shoot, to keep pace with the flying waters, and see them hissing and rushing up over the raft beneath your feet, is the most exhilarating adventure in all the repertoire of American travel. It is something which partakes of flying and swimming; the immense speed of the whole mass—the rush of the water, the succession of "shoots" stretching out before you like sloping steps of stairs, the delight of flying over these with the easy skim of a bird, the rough, long straight in which the raft seems to dive and founder, letting the water up beneath and over it behind till it is again urged forward, and then comes another incline of water which you whirl madly down as if you were in a swing. All on the raft with the Prince, to whom (excepting the Governor-General) the sensation was as novel as it seemed beautiful and terrible, were delighted; and the only regret which his Royal Highness expressed when the raft at last descended to stop in the centre of the river, below the Falls, was that the shoot was not at least a mile longer.

From off this raft his Royal Highness went in a canoe to witness canoe-races, which were exciting, and closely contested. Six Indians of the Algonquin tribe, however, distanced the best crews and canoes of the lumbermen beyond all chance of doubt.

These sports were still at their highest when his Royal Highness left. On that night there was a banquet at the Victoria House, and the village of Ottawa was illuminated with candles. There was also an attempt at a torchlight procession—the only very bad one the Prince has met with.

KINGSTON.—ORANGE DEMONSTRATION.

Next day, being Sunday, of course nothing was done; and on Monday (the 3rd) the Prince started for Kingston. Here occurred an unpleasant incident. In Upper Canada, and especially at Toronto and Kingston, which are centres of party feeling, there is a great deal of Orangism, as stubborn and unreasoning as that with which we are familiar in the neighbouring isle. Nothing would satisfy the Orange party in Kingston but that they must take advantage of the Prince's visit to their city to make a demonstration. Accordingly, they erected an arch, and expressed their intention to march in procession. The Duke of Newcastle sent word on to Kingston that the Prince would not ride under the Orange arch. The Orangemen voted to adhere to their resolve to march in the procession, and the Catholics were indignant; and, therefore, the Prince declined landing at Kingston at all.

TORONTO.

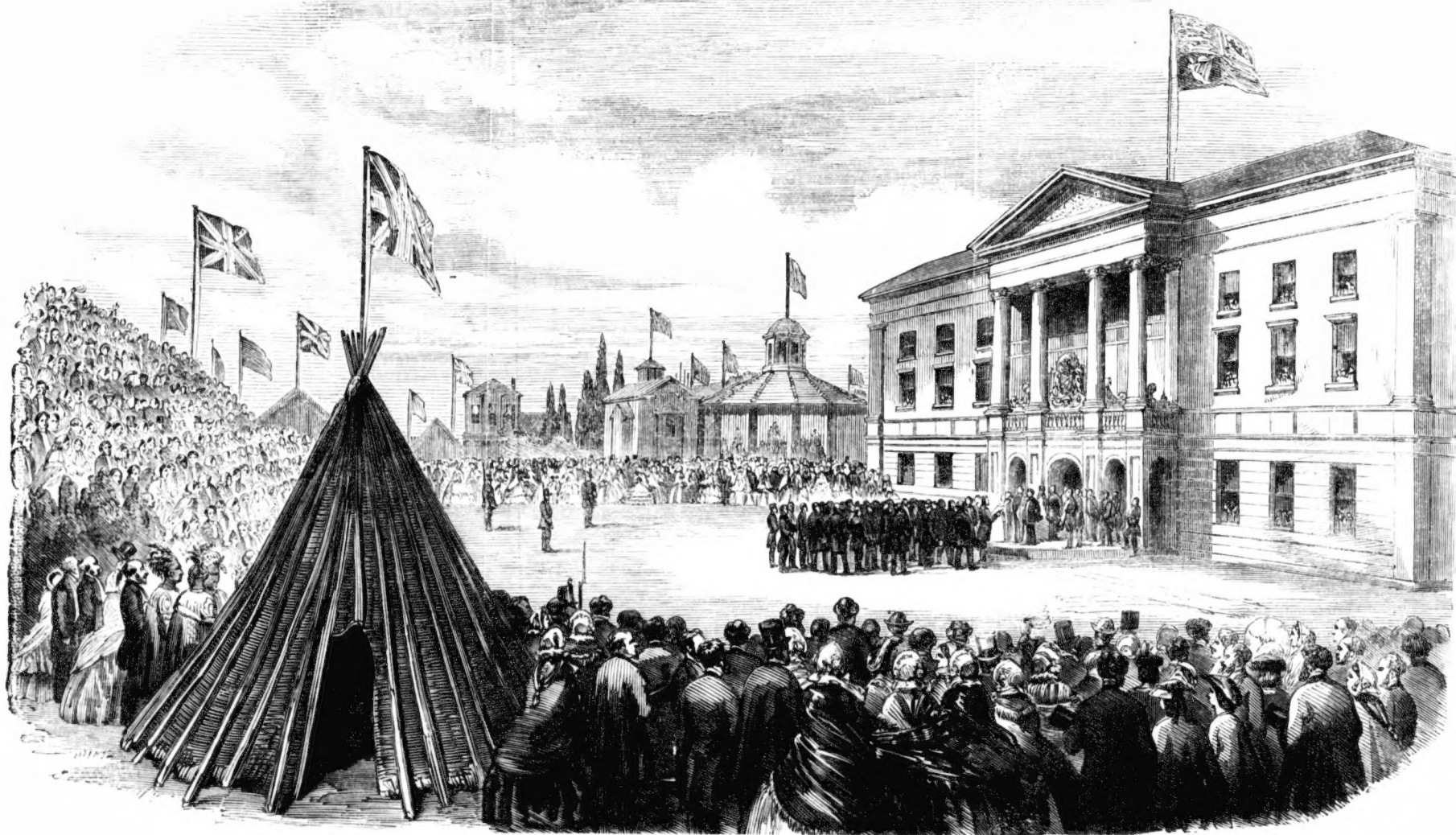
His Royal Highness reached Toronto on the 7th inst., and met with a most magnificent reception, the preparations surpassing those of all the other cities. A gorgeous canopy and throne were erected. On landing the Prince was received by the Mayor and Corporation, the Judges, and members of Parliament. All Orange demonstrations were abandoned, owing to the firm stand made against them at Kingston. The violent conduct of the Kingston Orangemen has disgusted their own party, and no further trouble is anticipated.

As usual throughout the progress, the weather was unfavourable, the rain falling in torrents.

A thousand children sang the National Anthem. In the evening the city was brilliantly illuminated.

OUR ILLUSTRATION.

Our Illustration is from a Sketch made at Charlotte Town, Prince Edward Island, and represents the Prince of Wales receiving addresses at Province House. We have already reported his Royal Highness's visit to this place, and may leave the Illustration to speak for itself.



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES RECEIVING ADDRESSES AT PROVINCE BUILDING, CHARLOTTE TOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

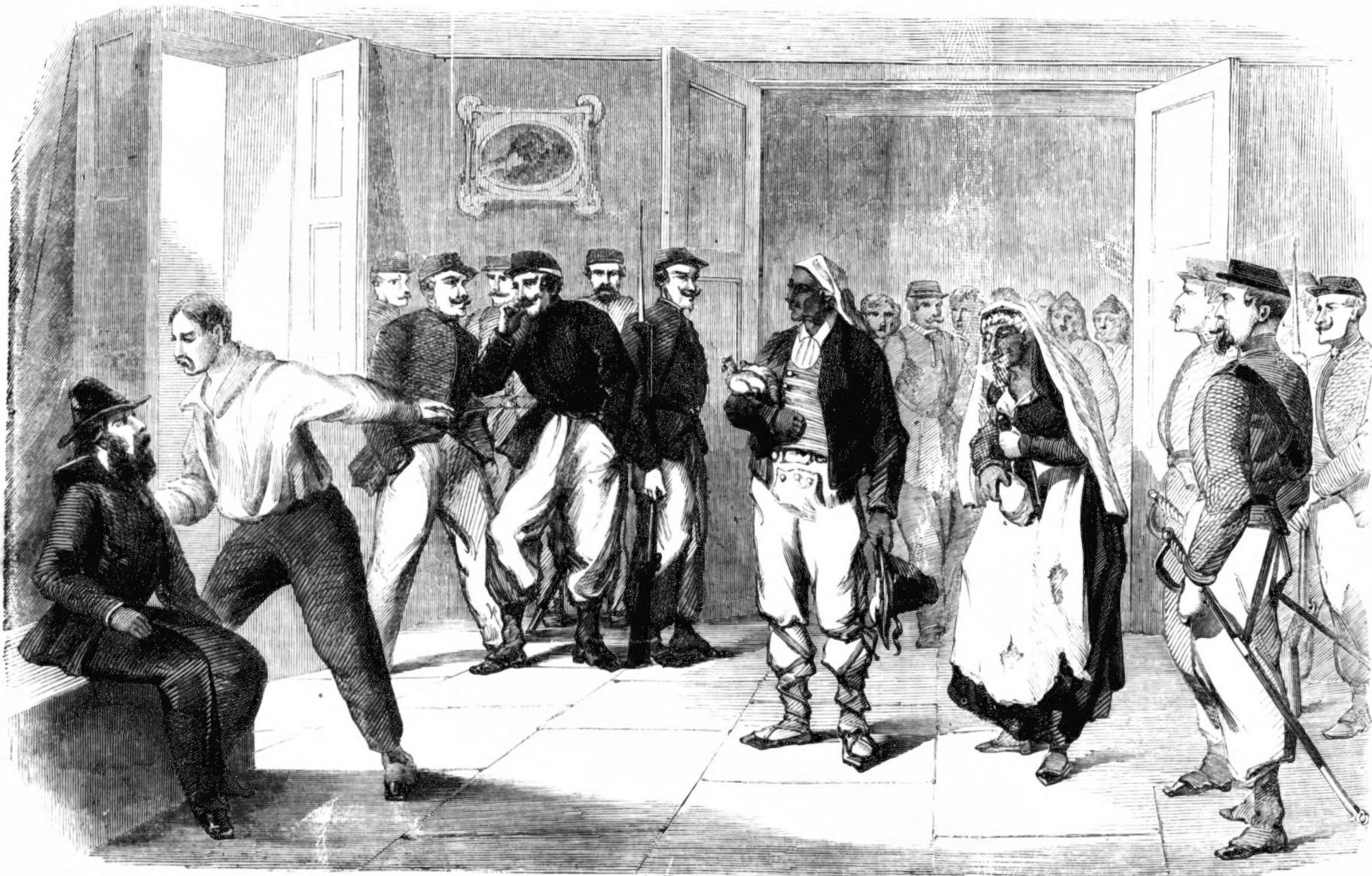
A CALABRIAN DEPUTATION TO GARIBALDI.

WHILE Garibaldi was at Messina numbers of Calabrese crowded the Quartier Général. They came to lay the state of affairs before Garibaldi, to offer their homage, and, inviting him to come into their country, to arrange with him for future action and reciprocal support. Many other

deputations from different parts of the peninsula arrive almost daily to offer the champion of Italian independence their homage and their adhesion.

Our Illustration represents one of these deputations, which has a touch of the humorous. Two peasants, whose persons and dress

bespoke them of the very humblest of Calabrese, presented themselves at the entrance of the Palazzo, but of course were denied admission, notwithstanding their appeals and remonstrances. At length an officer was dispatched to the chief of the Staff, Colonel Ceni, who is always at work in the ante-chamber of Garibaldi's room. The Colonel imme-



A CALABRIAN DEPUTATION TO GARIBALDI AT MESSINA.

diately gave instructions to the General's Aide-de-Camp to admit them, and they accordingly entered and obtained the wish of their hearts. When they passed out again through the group of officers and gentlemen who thronged the suite of apartments their countenances bore evident traces of the agitation they had undergone. Many smiles were provoked at the simplicity and picturesqueness of this worthy couple. The old woman brought maccaroni, bread, and fruit, tied up in a clean white napkin, which she carried in one hand, and in the other a bottle of wine; and the young man, doubtless her son, carried under his arm a couple of fowls which energetically remonstrated against a presentation to the Dictator.

A few words, though, about the Calabrese. Their condition is bad—

a consequence, chiefly, of the feudal privileges and the exactions of the barons. The peasants are neither so tall nor so good-looking as those of the rest of Italy. Their complexion is a pale olive or copper colour, their hair coarse and black; but they have beautiful teeth. Their countenances have an expression of melancholy, which is not to be wondered at, seeing how long they have been the footfalls of tyranny. They are vigorous and active, gay, courageous, and hospitable, but irritable and passionate. The men dress in a short, close jacket and close hose, both of black cloth; leather gaiters and shoes of undressed skin, tied with strings of the same; or else in a coarse, long jacket, coming down far below the waist, white hose, full of plaits, and ill-cut gaiters of coarse cloth, fastened across with cords. The females

wear a large, full, plaited petticoat of dingy scarlet. So much for the people, who have all the wild characteristics of mountaineers, and are, therefore, well adapted to the land they live in. No attention is paid to the education of the peasantry, so that the grossest ignorance and superstition are widely prevalent.

GLEANING.

FROM the days when Ruth followed the reapers in the cornfields of Boaz, and experienced that kindness which the Jewish laws commanded should be exercised towards the poor who gathered the stray ears of corn which fell from the sheaves, there have always been poetical asso-



GLEANING.—(FROM A DRAWING BY A. SLADER.)

cations surrounding the gleaner. Alas! the accuracy with which the modern reaping machinery performs its office will soon render gleaning impossible; and even now it is rare to find more than a little child or two engaged in collecting the ears in the larger and more prolific fields. If anything, we could say, would be likely to stay that progress of machinery which has already effected such surprising alterations in the whole sphere of labour, we should hesitate to speak such a word, knowing that it would ultimately retard the benefit of mankind. But it would be well to preserve, in these iron and utilitarian days, such of the good old customs as involve the higher attributes of humanity, benevolence, and a recognition that our poorer brethren and sisters are the children of the All-wise and All-bountiful; while we are but the stewards of his mercies, and shall one day have to give an account of our stewardship.

There is nothing more distinct or positive in the social laws by which the Jewish nation were governed than the Divine command respecting the rights of the gleaner, and the duty of mercy and humanity both to

the poorer members of the great family of man and to the lower animals who wrought for man's service. It can surely be no part of the Christian character to forget or to neglect precepts which are identified with that universal brotherhood which the Redeemer came to establish.

We could almost hope that, at the present harvest-time particularly, the recollection of a great deliverance may stimulate charity; and the knowledge that, instead of the failure which was not long since feared for our crops, there is still great store of food for man and beast, may in some sort inspire all grateful hearts with the desire to let the poor and needy participate in their abundance.

After all, it is but a scanty dole which the gleaner can procure. Who has not watched her as, carrying her store to the ascent of some hill where the light autumn breeze is blowing gently, she shakes the ears of grain backwards and forwards in the coarse bag till the husks, being separated, are carried away by the wind? Who has not marvelled to what purpose she can put so small a store?

For picturesque beauty give us a cornfield with the reapers or the gleaners at work, the hot midday sun sending down golden rays upon the already golden sheaves, the sharp, crisp sound of the severing stems, the subdued murmur, with a merry laugh or a blithe song breaking out now and then, softened by the stillness of the clear but sultry air, the jackets and the wooden kegs under the tree where the dog lies half-asleep with one ear moving as he hears something stir. Then the evening, more still and golden, the field lying bare but shining, the glow of the gorgeous sky deepening over the trees to the west, the soft rustling of the evening air amongst the leaves, and the quiet gleaners creeping here and there gathering handfuls amongst the stubble. Let us stay and watch them till the golden haze of the sky clears off like a curtain drawn towards the setting sun, and the dark, deep blue vault above shines over all as the breeze freshens, and the gleaners come one by one over the little rustic bridge that spans the brook. So we part; and god-speed the poor, and give the rich thankful hearts for all their mercies!

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1860.

NAPOLEON'S MISADVENTURE AT TOULON.

THE reported attempt on the life of the Emperor of the French was first suspected of being hushed up, and is now denied. In the interim, it could scarcely pass without exciting observation and without reappointing a well-worn moral. We were all indignant. We all hoped for the sake of humanity that it was the act of a madman. Only in a very vitiated atmosphere—only here and there, in the desolation of Leicester-square or in the reeking swamps of Cayenne—do men exist who regard tyrannicide without horror. Heaven forbid that we should be any less horrified than the rest of the world at what is undoubtedly intolerable in earth and heaven! But may we be permitted to think that there is some affectation—perhaps a little hypocrisy—in the particular abhorrence we hear expressed on all hands against the murder of even the “worst of tyrants”? Assassination is repugnant to all human instincts save those which are in themselves deadly—hate and revenge. But we trust this observation to the candour of our readers, that we fail to see why the assassination of a tyrant and a public enemy is so much more horrible than the murder of a virtuous gentleman. To our own minds the special reprehension of tyrannicide savours a little of cant; and we question whether, at bottom, it would not be found to rest on flunkeyism. Of course, it is possible to execute such a crime with infinite wickedness; it is possible to conceive of an ambitious ruffian or set of ruffians murdering a potentate bad enough, indeed, but less selfish, less blind, less cruel than themselves—knowing that his bloodletting will only open a way to their ascendancy through rivers of blood, and over the ruins of years of peace. It is difficult for the mind of man to conceive of greater or more insensate wickedness than this; but, though under no circumstances can the murder of any man be justified, and though by some law which should not be strange since it is divine, good never comes of murder, still the fact that the supposititious potentate, after years of sovereignty it may be, leaves his country in such a state that anarchy and bloodshed does follow on his death, is no inconsiderable proof that he was not fit to rule, and perhaps not fit to live. That, however, is somewhat beside the question; it is clearly no excuse for tyrannicide, which is excusable on no ground hitherto discovered either by philosophers or revolutionists. Yet it is impossible not to see that the question is slightly altered in the case of a hot and misguided patriot, who, beholding his country ruined and dishonoured before his eyes, takes a step instinctive to men who find their wives in a similar position, and shoots the destroyer. It is not then a question of expediency, but of passion; and passion is to be checked, and punished, too. We lay no stress on the custom of juries, in one of the cases here supposed, of returning a verdict of justifiable homicide. The custom is mistaken, perhaps; the cases are not proved to be parallel; and, though we are not at all sure that that is strictly moral, the mischiefs produced by the tyrannicide, and the difficulty of making distinctions in such matters, alone bring us to the conclusion that he ought to be adjudged guilty, and forfeit his life like other murderers. It is not, then, to offer the least excuse for this crime that we make these remarks—no sane Englishman can be suspected of doing any such thing; but what we do think is, that to affect so peculiar and overwhelming a horror of the assassin of a tyrant, as it is the custom to do, is a mistaken means of adding to the stock of public virtue. It is not the best way to condemn a crime to mingle hypocrisy in the condemnation, in ever such small quantity. Murder is murder; and whatever degrees of guilt there may be in it, they depend on the means and motives of the murderer and on the desert of the victim.

Of course it will be perfectly understood that the foregoing remarks are not intended to apply to any particular case; they are simply abstract considerations, applying to everything of the kind that ever was or ever will be heard of. The reflection which the supposed attempt on the life of the Emperor of the French does excite (at the time we write the report is contradicted on no certain authority) is this: that it is fortunate for France it did not succeed. The *Times* has declared that the failure of the attempt is also fortunate for England and Europe. We think there may be little doubt of it; though we confess we are less clear about future events—as to how Europe would stand, with Napoleon or without him, two years to come—than our contemporary appears to be. That great print probably knows more about the designs of Providence and the Emperor than a twopenny journal can be supposed to know; and as our readers bargain with us under that condition, they have no right to blame us if we offer no opinion on the matter. But we must say this—if the *Times* is right, Europe is in a bad way, and we have considerable apprehensions for her. How does the case stand? For years Europe has been perturbed by the Emperor's policy. He has made selfish wars; he has played fast and loose with almost every European Power. He is a standing menace, a constant and increasing dread. He has encroached on little States, and done his best to divide big ones for the sake of the spoil, if any human motive is to be deduced from conduct. So far as England is concerned, he has deceived her statesmen (we have their own authority for it), burdened her

peaceful and over-taxed people with the cost of war, and held over her head, as he still holds, the terror of intrigue and the scourge of war. This is not a very beneficent part to play, and there is no denying that Europe is uneasy under it. Well, who supposes that we have seen the end of all this? What eye discovers a symptom of change or abatement in the Imperial design of aggrandisement and terrorism? We have heard of none, and therefore do not see much to hope for from a prolongation of Napoleon's career. But, Heaven forbid that it should close yet! says the *Times*. The mere thought of what must follow should Providence remove him to another sphere “may well make our present difficulties seem tolerable. It is quite possible to change our present condition for the worse. Louis Napoleon has made himself necessary for the time to France and to Europe. If he has not established claims to our gratitude, he has succeeded in making us fear his premature death more than the continuance of his power.” And so here we are. The disturbance which this one man makes in Europe, while alive, is nothing to the troubles he has “succeeded in making us fear” at his death, with good reason.

The *Times* may be consoled by this reflection; we draw no comfort from it. However, we will not dwell upon what seems to be a hopeless case; let us fortify ourselves with patience, and submit. Nevertheless, there does seem something wrong still in the economy of the world, now filled with free and enlightened peoples, since a whole continent lies in the hollow of one man's hand. If he moves it trembles; if he dies, it falls, and all is ruin. We can only hope that the prescience of the *Times*, like its thunder, is a sublunary affair, after all.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

MR. WILTSHIRE AUSTIN, barrister, a man of distinguished talent and attainments, is about to give, in London and the provinces, six biographical and historical lectures. We congratulate the public on this announcement. Mr. Austin's name has for many years appeared among those of amateur lecturers on the list published by the Society of Arts.

THE CZAR has resolved to form a new body of Cossacks, to be called the Army of the Cossacks of the Amoor. It is to be organised in the same manner as the army of the other Asiatic Cossacks.

THE DUCHESS OF BERWICK AND ALBA, sister of the Empress, expired at half-past eight o'clock on Tuesday evening, in her residence in the Champs Elysées, after a long and painful illness.

THE ACCESSION OF THE GRAND DUKE FREDERICK WILLIAM to the throne of Mecklenburg-Strelitz has been announced to the populations of the Grand Duchy.

THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL OF RUSSIA arrived at Torquay on Saturday. He was received by the rifle volunteers at the railway station, and the volunteer artillery fired a Royal salute from their battery on Corbon Head.

THE TURNER PRIZE of £50 has been given to Mr. J. M. Wright, the veteran water-colour painter.

A WRITER in the *Times* says that the clerk in the Foreign Office who makes out passports is a foreigner, and unable to speak intelligible English!

THE GOVERNMENT has refused to give metal for a statue to the late Sir John Franklin proposed to be erected at Spilsby.

AN ENGLISH LAWYER in Paris says that, to his knowledge, at least 100 English resident families there have been compelled to leave by the enormous increase in rents.

A FRENCH CANADIAN PAPER claims Garibaldi as a Canadian.

TWO MEMBERS of a Blackburn Volunteer Rifle Corps were recently drummed out for misconduct at the Knowsley Review.

THE DUKE OF SOMERSET and the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty have purchased the splendid model of Blake designed by Mr. Baily, with a view to its being placed in Greenwich Hospital.

A MAN, supposed to be a shoemaker, was found hanging in Dulwich Wood on Monday. He was quite dead.

A STORM broke over Dublin on Thursday evening week, extending its force to all parts of the kingdom. Considerable damage was done to the out-lying crops.

THE TELEGRAPHIC CABLE just laid down between Toulon and Algeria will not work, we are told. The Emperor, who expected to communicate hourly with France during his absence, is said to be furious.

“THE LIFE OF JULIUS CESAR,” by Napoleon III., now in the press of Paris, will be republished in this country immediately on its appearance, translated from an advance copy.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF has signified that he has no objection to officers permitting a certain number of men to assist in the harvest on application.

THE NATURALISATION OF THE OSTRICH IN FRANCE is seriously talked of not only for the sake of its feathers, but for its flesh.

THE SCREW-STEAMER *Prince Jerome*, which left Calais last week with Prince Napoleon on board, for a voyage along the coasts of England and Scotland, arrived at Leith on Monday. The Prince was incognito.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, by his secretary, has formally declared that “Mr. Lindsay has received no authority from her Majesty's Government to enter into negotiations with the Government of the United States on behalf of her Majesty's Government.”

A PERMANENT CAMP at MONIFETH, on the estate of Lord Panmure, in Forfarshire, is contemplated by the Government, we hear.

THE SCREW LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP *Anson*, 91 guns and 800-horse power, was launched at Woolwich on Saturday.

MANY OF THE FARM LABOURERS in the neighbourhood of Nottingham are demanding an advance of wages, and in one case the increase asked for was from 18s. to 24s. a week, and a threat was held out that if it was not acceded to the men would strike work.

A SUB-COMMITTEE has been appointed at Newcastle-on-Tyne to answer the letter of the French Government with respect to the admission of French vessels to exceptional privileges.

THE WOMEN of the manufacturing village of Alva, to the number of three or four hundred, have (says the *Alloa Advertiser*) struck work; and in consequence of the women refusing to “all pins,” all the weavers are thrown idle.

A COMET was observed about July 7 at Adelaide and Beechworth, and nearly about the same time at Melbourne.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON has licensed the Rev. John Hill, M.A., a Brother of St. Katherine's Hospital, Regent's Park, to be Curate in charge of St. Philip's, Stepney, until Mr. Bonwell's application for “leave to appeal” to the Judicial Committee has been determined.

THE NEWS of the battle between Sayers and Heenan created an immense sensation in Melbourne. Heenan and Morrissey, the American champion, are engaged to fight for 10,000 dollars aside.

SIR WILLIAM ALLAN's picture, “Nelson Boarding the San Josef” in the action of St. Vincent, is to be hung in the Painted Hall, Greenwich. It has been presented for that purpose by Mr. H. C. Blackburn.

MR. BANDINEL retires from the librarianship of the Bodleian with a pension for life of £200 a year. Mr. Cox, the assistant librarian, will succeed to the vacant office, it is thought.

ANOTHER of our metropolitan police magistrates is dead—Mr. Jardine, of Bow-street. Mr. Jardine was called to the Bar in 1823, and had been a magistrate for more than twenty years.

MR. G. W. MARTIN is now organising a choir of several hundred rifle volunteers for the purpose of introducing the practice of singing choral marches when on the march.

THE CONQUEST OF NAPLES BY GARIBOLDI, which was effected in twenty-one days, only cost his army, according to official reports, eight men killed and sixteen wounded.

MR. BROSCHE, the African traveller, has been murdered at Zanzibar by the natives.

THE SKIRMISH IN THE MEDITERRANEAN are suffering in an unusual degree from lung complaints. In addition to the ninety-five men lately sent to England, invalided, the *St. Jean d'Arc* alone has sent more than twenty cases to the hospital, principally cases of lung disease. In most of these cases the men should never have been allowed to enter the Navy.

THE JURY which inquired into the Helmsboro railway accident have returned a verdict of “Accidental death.”

LORD BROUGHTON completed his eighty-second year on Tuesday. He is in perfect health, and next week will preside over the annual meeting of the National Society for the Promotion of Social Science at Glasgow.

THE PERILS OF AN EXCURSION-BOAT.

ILFRACOMBE TO MILFORD HAVEN.

(From a Correspondent.)

ON Wednesday, the 12th instant, the steamer *Prince of Wales* left Ilfracombe harbour on an excursion to Milford Haven. It had on board about twenty excursionists. The weather was glorious. The sky was blue and without a cloud. The sea was calm as a lake. Outside the harbour a whole fleet of small ships sat upon their shadows, with sails half-furled, waiting for a breeze, “like painted ships upon a painted ocean.” Nothing could be more fairylike and lovely than the scene as we steamed out of the harbour. The blue sky, the blue sea, the phantom-looking ships, the bold headland reflecting under the sun's rays the most gorgeous colours, the picturesque town lying on the sides of the hills, all contributed to make a picture which no artist could conceive or copy. Our passengers were chiefly visitors at Ilfracombe on their way to see the big ship, the notable harbour of Milford, the Pembroke Docks, and possibly the Channel Fleet. We had a few ladies on board, but only a few. Most of these—all, except one—were in voyagers' costume; but there was one ladybird dressed in gorgeous array. Her skirt was cerulean blue; her bodice was spotless white; round her neck hung a gold chain, round her wrists were sparkling bracelets; and on her head she wore a turban hat trimmed with golden braid; and as she sat on a bench on the after-deck, or rather reclined, reading a novel, not Solomon, in all his glory, made a more resplendent appearance than she. I thought, as I looked at her, of the stormy weather that might arise, and shrugged my shoulders. I mention her here because, as events proved, this splendid attire was not wisely adopted. Well, we steamed along, we chatted, we lounged, we smoked, and, during the voyage out, all went on “merrily as a marriage-bell.” About 3 p.m. we steamed into the lovely harbour of Tenby, on the Welsh coast, dropped two or three of our freight, and took in about the same number to balance our account, and then we steamed out again to the enlivening strains of our band, echoed by the music of another band upon shore. By-the-by, I must further notice our band. It was a picked band of Bavarian musicians—picked out of the streets; and if they did not add much to our pleasure it was not their fault, for they blew lustily and did their best. At about five o'clock we opened the celebrated Milford Haven, and, passing the new-fortifications in process of erection, and the *Great Eastern*, we reached Nayland, or New Milford, about six o'clock, after one of the most delightful voyages that I have ever enjoyed. The only drawback was the absence of the Channel Fleet, which had sailed on a cruise the day before. What we did at Milford I need not stop to relate. Some went to see the dockyard, and all paid a visit to the big ship—neither of which will I describe. On Thursday morning, at seven o'clock, I was upon the hills; and, as I mounted the incline, I saw at once that the scene was from yesterday all changed, and that we must not expect such a halcyon voyage home as we had out. Overhead, the wrack was scudding fast up from the south-west; below, in the harbour, the water was broken up into short, crisp waves; and if the wind was not very high then, it was clear that there must have been wind in the night, and probably there was a gale blowing out at sea; otherwise in a land-locked harbour like that of Milford, six or seven miles in the Channel, there would not be such waves as I saw below. After breakfast I went to see the big ship, lunched with Mr. Bold, the managing director, and at one o'clock was once more on board the *Prince of Wales*. Here every thing looked very different to what it did the day before. All merriment was gone, and on every face there was an anxious look. Not that any one was apprehensive of danger, for such an idea, I suppose, had never entered our heads. It was seven or eight hours of sea-sickness that we dreaded, and not danger. There was one exception, however, to the general gloom. My ladybird sat in her old place glittering as before. I looked at her finery, and again shrugged my shoulders; for though there might be no danger ahead, there was certainly discomfort. All along the harbour we went comfortably enough. In the worst of weather there is scarce a lyen a rough sea there; for, protected as that noble inlet is—surely the noblest harbour in the world—by hills on every side, and overlapped at the mouth by lofty land, there, whatever wind may blow, it is always comparatively calm. But when we got into St. George's Channel we saw another sight. As I suspected, there had been a gale blowing in the night somewhere, and, though there was not much wind when we opened the Channel, the sea was awfully heavy. It was not broken up into short, sharp waves, with angry, crested heads, as I have sometimes seen in the Channel when a wind is blowing, but huge mountainous waves, which came down upon us from the south-west, whither we were steaming; and as our boat was small—not so large as a *Gravesender*—we rolled, and tossed, and dashed, and wobbled about fearfully. And here let me remark that we had wind against tide. We were going with the tide and against the wind, and all who have been to sea will well know what that means. I need hardly say that the forecastle was soon cleared. Over that the sea every now and then made a clean sweep. Most of the men stood huddled together midships, the women, poor things! had dived below to endure all the horrors of sea-sickness, intensified by alarm, in a forecastle cabin. The band had also disappeared. On the after-deck there were some few passengers—your correspondent, two elderly ladies, and two or three boys; the ladybird had vanished. The two ladies and I sat on a bench, with our faces to the wheel. I had earnestly begged my companions to go down, but in vain; they were not sick, but they trembled all over with fright; still they would not go down. The one next me clung convulsively to my arm every time the ship lifted, and every now and then anxiously whispered to me, “Do you really think there is no danger?” Now, what was I to say? There was danger, I knew; but was I to add to their distress by telling them so? I told them there was not. Yet there was danger; my own experience told me so. An old sailor, a passenger, had whispered in my ear, “Don't go further than Tenby if the captain calls there, for I have no confidence in this craft; it is too small for this navigation; it is old, and may be crank. If this goes on, something will go over: so look out, and, if we get into Tenby, stop, as I shall.” And I could see by the captain's looks, all composed and calm as he tried to be, as he stood by the helm, giving short and sharp directions to the man at the wheel, that he was not easy. Thousands of Englishmen are at this moment in the same or worse danger, and hope, as usual, “told a flattering tale.” “The sea is heavy; but the wind, though fierce, is nothing like so furious as it might be.” And so there I sat, one lady grasping the arm of her companion, she convulsively grasping mine, and I with my other arm holding on to the bench with the grip of a vice. I suppose that it might be an hour and a half that we continued to voyage along in this fashion. At times the sea struck our poor bark so heavily that it appeared impossible that any wooden framework, however canny the carpentry, could hold together; at others it seemed as we mounted up these smooth green mountains of water, then plunged down into the depths, and rolled on our beamends to starboard, and again to larboard, that we must be submerged, and go all to the bottom. At times I was looking down at the helmsman. Anon I was looking up to him at an angle of 45. Still the wind was not remarkably high, certainly not a gale—half a gale, perhaps, a sailor would call it. But this consolation soon vanished, and before long the gale burst upon us in all its fury, whewing and whistling, and at times roaring like a wild beast. The mast, though we had no sails spread, creaked, and the ship laboured and plunged fearfully. We were in sight of the island in front of Tenby. But should we ever get into harbour? I lifted myself up to look ahead, but only for a moment, for I saw a mountainous wave which I felt confident would do some mischief. And it did; for I had scarcely gained my seat when there came a noise like a cannon, then a crash, and in a moment I and my companions were pitched forward on to the deck, and the boat was on her larboard beamends. I scrambled up and tried to raise one of the ladies, but could not lift her. Here I heard the clear voice of the captain—“Jim, Bill; take the ladies down!” and then, “Pat her round!” “Ay, ay, Sir!” was the cool reply. And gradually the boat righted, and, to my great gratification, I perceived that she answered her helm, and was gradually getting before the wind. Meanwhile, I staggered further aft, and, seated on a coil of rope, clung fast to the

harbours. "What's gone?" said I to the captain by my side. "Our harboard wheel's broke." "Are you going back?" "Yes; we can't go on with our lee wheel broken. In such a sea as this we should be on a lee shore." And so we were round, and were soon flying before the wind with jib and foresail set. The sea was still as furious as ever, but we were now running away from the enemy. But I must cut short my story. In an hour and a half we reached the mouth of Milford Harbour, and gradually the sea had become less heavy, and in another hour we arrived at the quay whence we started. There was no great deal of mischief done to the wheel I found. One of the iron spokes had gone, and in its course had dashed out the front of the paddle-box; but the captain acted wisely, for if he had continued fighting against the wind and waves there cannot be a doubt that the wheel, having lost one of its stays, would have gone to pieces, and, as he said, with a lee-wheel broken in such a sea and storm, a lee-shore would have been the end of our voyage; and, as the Welsh coast there is rockbound, sheer walls of rock rising perpendicularly, getting on a lee shore meant the inevitable destruction of the boat and all aboard. When we were steaming up the harbour I went down into the cabin to look after my companions, and there there was confusion worse confounded. The table lay upon its beamends, right across a small basin; all the cushions of the sofas had got adrift, and were scattered about the cabin. My bag, which I had stowed away in a snug berth above the sofa, was gone; but I found it bent underneath a sofa cushion on the other side of the cabin. The ladies were lying about in all directions, and ladybird looked horribly pale and scared, her fine dress in disarray and hair dishevelled, and her gold wearing the colour of copper. Happily no one was hurt seriously. The arm of one of my companions was severely grazed, but that was the only wound. Both of them were, however, terribly shaken by their fall and fright. At Milford we sent a telegraph to Barnstaple round by Gloucester, Bristol, and Exeter, with orders to forward it by express from Barnstaple to Ilfracombe. At the latter place there was, of course, great alarm. The boat ought to have arrived there at about eight o'clock; and when at eleven o'clock no boat had come there was no small anxiety amongst the families expecting us. About eleven, however, the telegram arrived, and all anxiety was removed. On Friday morning I started for Cardiff, and arrived at six o'clock. On Saturday, at six a.m., I embarked to go across the Channel to Burnham, and at 8.30 I got back to Ilfracombe, via Exeter and Barnstaple. And here endeth my tale. This was my first voyage by an excursion-boat. It will be my last.

LA GLOIRE.

The *Moniteur de la Flotte* thus glorifies *La Gloire*, and the French Navy generally:—

The first steel-plated steam-ship, *La Gloire*, has just taken possession of the sea. She is a magnificent vessel, 77 metres long and 16 metres large (260 ft 31 ft English). Her aspect is imposing by the severity of her lines and by the mass of her iron cuirass. At the height of 1.82 metres (barely six feet) above the water, she presents a battery of 31 guns of the most powerful effect; on the fore-castle two long-range pieces; on the quarter-deck an iron re-bout to protect her commander at his post during the action. Reduced masts and the wide funnel indicate that the vessel is not intended to go to a distance from our ports, but that she is made for operations in the seas where henceforward the great differences of European policy will be settled. The frigate has been thrice to sea, and it may be said that she has gloriously terminated her trials. In calm weather she cuts the water without shock, and it may almost be said without foam, showing thereby how perfectly her proportions have been conceived. Her speed, measured on a fixed basis of nearly eight kilometres, reached 13.10 knots, which is the first result ever ascertained in a ship of war. In a ten hour trip her average rate was 12.31-10 knots, with all her fires lighted, and 11 knots with half her fires. In a rough sea she behaves perfectly. She pitched very gently, and rolls with a regularity that leaves nothing to be desired. In 1859, the *Neapoléon* engaged the navy in a new phase; it extended its destinies by assuming henceforward its assistance to the army, to escort its convoys of troops, to protect their landing, to reach in good time a hostile fleet, and all that at a given moment, so as to be able to share in strategic combinations without risk of delay. Thus it was that in the first Italian campaign, while the army marked its progress across Lombardy by the glorious stages of Magenta and Solferino, the steam fleet of Admiral Roncole D'osses cruised in the waters of the Adriatic, to ensure the disembarkation of the first signal of another corps, which was to take the Austrians in the rear; and already present during the events in the Black Sea, the *Neapoléon* had passed the Straits, while the English fleet, detained by contrary winds, remained in the entrance of the Straits, an impatient witness of our success. England moved at last, and soon her dockyards were seen full of steam line-of-battle ships, preening to the utmost speed. But hardly had she followed this path of progress when, behold! arises a new maritime element, more formidable than the *Neapoléon*, a terrible ship, which could of alone confront a whole steam fleet—the steel-plated steam-ship, whose trials we have just exposed. Again, then, a new era opens for the navy. It is no longer only wooden citadels that the fleet may attack; it must now brave with impunity the most powerfully-defended granite fort exists that can resist the destructive effects of the new artillery, and our steel-plated ships will carry this formidable artillery to the enemy's fire. It is a complete revolution in the destinies of the navy. Thus, twice in ten years, our proud ally England has been crushed in these Pacific struggles, in which the efforts of genius, and in which the blood of victims is spelt, and in which the nations, far from exhausting themselves, do but increase—in the point of rendering war impossible between them by the threat of the disasters it must entail—increase to the strengthening of the great nations which seem called to combat together for this cause of peace. Let us homage to the Sovereign who has raised up these glorious victories of peace, and to the engineer whose sure and elevated genius has thus borne the material of the French Navy higher than did even the genius of Sans. Let us hail these admirable floating citadels, more formidable than the fortifications of Vauban.

LOCAL STATUE.—The bronze statue of the Virgin, which was recently dedicated on Mount Cornillon, at Puy, and which was designed by M. Bouché, weighs 150 tons. The bronze is that of 213 cannons, taken at Austerlitz, and given by the Emperor. The statue is upwards of fifty feet high, and consists of 120 pieces fastened together. In the interior is a large statue, as in the columns of the Place Vendôme and of the Place de la Bastille.

THE FUTURE PROSPECT.—The *Revue Contemporaine* publishes a very curious article by Baron Ernest, entitled "De l'Appauvrissement du Sol et des conséquences de la dépopulation." It is true that, owing to the gradual increase of the surface of the earth is destined, in the course of ages, to be due to the human race, and that a day will come when the line on an unpeopled and desert globe? Such is the question. The author of the article—a question started by many eminent men of the commencement of the present century. It is a positive fact that the consequence of the populous state of many countries which during the ages were but feebly peopled, it has become impossible to leave a quantity of land alternately fallow for a certain time, until the exhausted phosphorus which under different forms it has yielded is so necessary to the sustenance of man. It is equally true that the mere spread over the fields is insufficient to renew the supply of phosphorus; and that countries, like Mesopotamia for instance, which in former times were remarkable for their fertility have since been transformed into deserts. Nor can it be denied that in taking food we absorb a vast quantity of the fertilizing element, phosphorus, in order to repair our osseous system, which is almost exclusively composed of lime. Did we, on quitting this sublimity about the earth what was received from it, the loss to the community is appreciably small; but this is what we do not. Our dead are buried in stone vaults; or impenetrable coffins, and thus, out of filial piety for the dead in general, we are induced to withhold from the earth that very nutriment which she is so much in want of to multiply in nearly a geometrical ratio and go on drawing the earth until she runs her reduced in the end to a state of sterility. And what is there to become of the human race? To live upon fish, or will anthropophagy be its last resort? Some presentiments, the accomplishment of which we may conjecture by pointing out that from the moment chemists discovered the agent of fertilization is phosphorus under various forms the agent of fertilization in a great measure solved, since it is reduced to a condition of providing that great agent. Among the chief causes of any deficiency in the natural supply there are the impurities of the soil and the application of mineral phosphates to agriculture; and, before these fail, other sources will, undoubtedly, be discovered by science.

HER MAJESTY'S JOURNEY FROM BALMORAL.

THE Queen and Court left Balmoral Castle on Saturday morning, with beautiful weather. Posting to Aberdeen, her Majesty proceeded by rail, by Aberdeen, Forfar, and Perth, to Edinburgh. Wherever her Majesty stopped she was greeted with great acclaim; and at Edinburgh her reception was very enthusiastic. Although darkness was rapidly falling when the Royal party left the train, they entered a procession of open carriages to drive to Holyrood. The band of the 13th Light Dragoons and an escort of the regiment were in waiting at the station. The route to Holyrood was lined by the 13th Light Dragoons, the Royal Artillery from Leith Fort, the 78th Highlanders, the Mid-Lothian Coast Volunteer Artillery, and the City of Edinburgh Volunteer Artillery. There were several thousand spectators in the park. At Holyrood the band and a guard of honour of the 78th were stationed to receive her Majesty. On the Queen's arrival at Holyrood the guard of honour presented arms, the band playing the National Anthem, and, by signal, the guns of the castle fired a Royal salute. The members of her Majesty's suite were Lady Churchill, the Hon. Beatrice Byng, Sir Charles Wood, Lord Charles Fitzroy, Sir C. Phipps, the Hon. C. Grey, and Major Elphinstone. The Royal family were in mourning for a maternal aunt of the Queen, the late Princess Anne of Russia.

On Tuesday morning the Queen and Court arrived at Gosport from the North. Her Majesty's arrival was greeted with a salute of twenty-one guns from the ships of war in the harbour and at Spithead, and from the saluting-battery of the garrison, every ship being arched with coloured bunting, with the national ensigns at the mast-heads. Her Majesty embarked in the *Victoria* and *Albert's* State barge, and proceeded on board the *Fairy*, which quitted the harbour for Osborne amidst the cheering of the crews of the men-of-war.

BOAT-RACE FOR THE THAMES CHAMPIONSHIP.—A grand sculling-match for the championship of the Thames and £400 took place on Tuesday between two experienced boatmen named Chambers and White. The race was to extend from a point near Putney-bridge to the Ship at Mortlake, a distance of some four miles and a quarter; and, notwithstanding the very unfavourable state of the weather, the banks of the Thames in the vicinity of the starting-place swarmed with eager spectators of both sexes, while the river itself was almost literally alive with steam-boats and every description of smaller craft. At four o'clock the competitors presented themselves in their water-boats, stripped from head to waist. They looked fine, healthy, and muscular fellows, pretty equally matched in point of age and weight. Each competitor had an eight-oared galley in attendance upon him, besides a river steam-boat to accompany him throughout the race. Before the race began the betting was 6 to 4 in favour of Chambers. At the appointed signal, it being then near high water, the men started in gallant style, and all was indescribable bustle and excitement. At the outset White seemed to use his sculls more swiftly than his opponent, and gained a trifling and momentary advantage. Up to the end of the first quarter of a mile there was hardly any perceptible difference between them. Soon, however, the superior ease and vigour of Chambers' rowing sent him ahead of his antagonist, and the strength and neatness of his strokes were the theme of general commendation. Having taken the lead in the race, he never for a moment allowed his opponent visibly to diminish his advantage. After the first half-mile had been completed the match was virtually at an end. Chambers was about a dozen boats' lengths ahead when he passed Hammer-smith-bridge, and when the gun announcing the arrival of the twice victorious Chambers at the goal was fired White was manfully but vainly labouring a dozen to fifteen boats' lengths behind. The contest did not occupy more than twenty-five minutes.

DEPARTURE OF ENGLISH VOLUNTEERS FOR GARIBALDI.—At an early hour on Sunday morning two hundred volunteers left London en route for Naples. They started from Fenchurch-street station for Tilbury. Of course, for obvious reasons, the departure was kept as quiet as possible. Nevertheless, when the hour of departure arrived, the fact was apparently known to many, and the platform at the Fenchurch-street station, in spite of express orders to the volunteers to keep their acquaintances from being present, was partly filled by men who had come to bid friends and acquaintances farewell. The men assembled at two o'clock, some with tourists' knapsacks, some with rifles and pistols, some enveloped in rugs and blankets, whilst others did not seem to possess anything but what they stood upright in. Shortly after three o'clock the men were ordered to fall in on the platform. After they had formed two deep and had numbered off from their right they were told that the train would not be ready till half-past five. This gave rise to a little grumbling. When it was found that they must make a virtue of necessity they wrapped themselves in their blankets and lay down on the railway platform. Smoking, joking, and singing followed, till the station echoed with their choruses. The songs selected were apropos of the occasion, such as "Oh, let me like a soldier fall," "The young recruit," "When we were boys together," &c., not forgetting the National Anthem and "Rule Britannia." There was an outcry about there being no refreshments to be obtained throughout the night; even penny loaves were at a premium, and then unobtainable. At half-past five the order was given to fall in, when the excursionists were immediately marched to the carriages, and at twenty minutes to six they were on their journey, amidst the cheers of those that had left behind. The train proceeded express to Tilbury, where the volunteers embarked on board the *Malazzo* steamer, and sailed direct for Naples. A second detachment, about seven hundred strong, was to have left London on Wednesday or Thursday.

TIGHTROPE WALKING OVER NIAGARA FALLS.—The *Buffalo Courier* gives the following account of the last act of foolhardiness performed upon a rope at Niagara Falls by one William Hunt, otherwise known as Signor Farini:—"About four o'clock Farini appeared in the inclosure. He was dressed in tight, as usual, but had on moccasins instead of rubbers. Some pained resin served to keep them from slipping on the rope. Before venturing on the great Fall Farini went out a few hundred feet on the cable and examined it and its gully carefully. About an hour was occupied in tightening it and putting weights on the guys. Since we were down last the end on the American side has been raised some eight feet, so that the balancing pole is not so apt to catch in the side ropes. This, however, has added to the steepness of the declivity; and the rope, sooth to say, when all was ready, seemed very slack and unstable, and sagged frightfully. The insane person who was about to trust his life on Farini's back lounged about in the inclosure while the preparations were being made with the most supreme unconcern. He is a Canadian, McMillan by name, a head taller than the acrobat, long-necked, and lank. When all was ready McMillan hoisted his legs into a sort of truss which hung from Farini's shoulders, and the march began. Betwixt even as to the successful issue of the strange expedition. The limbs of the ropewalker trembled visibly beneath the weight he carried, and Farini picked his steps down the manilla steep with death-and-life precision. About fifty feet out the peril seemed to increase. His pole caught in the guys, and he laboured with it fearfully. McMillan slid from his back, and walked step for step behind his master, steadying himself by his hold on Farini's shoulders. This duet they kept up for some distance, McMillan apparently being as cool as a cucumber, looking round and taking observations. About one-fourth of the way out both sat down astride of the rope and held a tête-à-tête. McMillan, the only one who had a cap, waving it as his friend's. Another walk in the same perilous Indian file brought them nearly to the middle of the rope. Here another rest was taken, and Farini swung himself under his neighbour and took position ahead, facing back toward the American side again. Three-fourths of the homeward journey Farini accomplished according to programme. Several times he let the man off, and McMillan came along for a short distance in the rear of his pilot, as before. Slowly and steadily the road was borne up the ascent to the platform, and the two landed amid the cheers of the crowd. Farini perspired freely, but did not appear to be particularly fatigued. McMillan quench his thirst with a glass of lager, put on his coat, and looked as if nothing had happened. He disclaimed having felt the slightest fear."

WOMEN'S INVENTION.—The *Semaphore* of Marseilles relates the some what amusing incident which is said to have occurred at the ball given to their Majesties at the Chateau de Bellevue:—"At the moment when the doors were opened two ladies, accompanied by two gentlemen, and duly provided with tickets, presented themselves for admission. The ladies were elegantly attired in white dresses and handsome ornaments, but unfortunately they had not conformed to established etiquette, as far as regarded their head-dresses, for they wore bonnets. These appendages were, it is true, of the most light and elegant kind and ornamented with marabout feathers; but they were considered, notwithstanding, inadmissible. The stewards at the door expressed their regret in the politest terms, but, as their instructions were positive on the subject, they could not allow themselves to be softened by the entreaties of the ladies, who retired in great dismay. An old proverb says that when a woman determines on doing a thing nothing can prevent her, and so it was in this case. The ladies, inspired with a sudden idea, went in among some trees that were growing near, and, taking off the objectionable articles of dress, despoiled them of the feathers, which they speedily transferred to their own hair. The question next arose what should they do with the bonnets, which were too pretty to throw away. Feminine invention here again came to their aid, for, lifting their ample crinolines, they safely attached the discarded head-dresses within their ample folds, where they were completely unobserved. Thus newly equipped, they presented themselves, and were duly admitted."

A LADY'S PORTRAIT OF GARIBALDI.

An English lady who witnessed Garibaldi's entry into Naples thus describes him and the scene of which he was the centre:

I have seen to-day the face of Garibaldi, and, now, all the devotion of his friends is made as clear as day to me. You have only to look into his face, and you feel that there is, perhaps, the one man in the world in whose service you would take your heart in your hand and follow him, blindfold, to death. I never altogether understood that feeling until his presence made it clear to me. It is the individual man and his personal influence that are so strong; but then it is the man exalted and sanctified, as it were, by his own single-minded devotion to and faith in a holy cause; and it is that which you see in his face, as though written in letters of light, and which carries on your thoughts from him as the man to him as the type and representative of his cause. One could love the cause without seeing him; but in seeing him one seems to be suddenly gifted with the power of seeing it as he sees it, and you love it better for his sake, and you wholly honour and admire him for his sake. I have often asked our Marine officers who have seen him to describe him to me. They get on swimmingly about his shoulders, and chest, and head, and beard; and then they stop and gasp. Neither can I describe to you. I can only say that it explains that devotion to the death, and, what is more, that faith in doing what the prudent world at large considers an impossibility, for his sake; it makes that feeling appear to you the simplest and most natural thing in the world. His wonderful simplicity and forgetfulness of self win the love of all; it is not the grand iron-willed hero who determines of his own strength to carry his undertaking through. I do not wonder at the conviction which prevails of his having been raised up by Providence. He seems to feel that this is the work given him to do, and that he could not leave it undone, but that it is no more credit to him than it is to a joiner to make a stool whose mission it is to make stools. It is a face in which the whole character is written—simple, grand, and loving.

I could paint the scene for you in something better than words. The crowd was dense, always streaming up and down at a quick pace, and two lines of carriages in perpetual movement, in each of which were crowded from sixteen to twenty-three gentlemen, standing up, shouting and waving flags. Every balcony of the tall Palazzos had a flag and a merry party of lookers-on. The shouting of the multitudes undulated like the waves of the sea. The cries were mostly "Viva Garibaldi!" and "L'Italia una!" I did not hear "Victor Emmanuel!" much, but some men were scarce with his name. Then came diversions from time to time, at which the roaring became perfectly deafening. Now and then a lanky, lithe young lad, with sunny hair and rosy-brown face, contrasting with the pallid olive of the townspeople, would come skipping along in the red shirt, waving a flag, and his face working in the wildest excitement of happy glee and innocent triumph, not knowing how enough to laugh and congratulate, caught, and hugged, and embraced by enthusiastic groups. Sometimes a great, stalwart, sober, bronzed, middle-aged man, giving quiet, gentle answers to the crowds swarming to kiss his hands, and with a look as if he was used to graver work than shouting and cheering. Then one or two gaunt, lank, haggard, bleached creatures, with rosy, rusty, long, shaggy hair down their back, just as you suppose wretches let out from years of imprisonment, gesticulating and looking frantic with joy. If they did represent prisoners, it is rather theatrical of them to keep their hair in such a mess all this time since they were let out. What was perfectly genuine was the beaming joy with which some clean young priests appealed to the balconies for sympathy. It is difficult to describe the excitement. After about an hour came up the red shirt on a carriage-horse, with its blinkers on, to give warning that Garibaldi was coming; and then the cheering rose louder and louder as the carriage came slowly along. And then he was, without a bit of state—three red shirts with their backs to the carriage, himself and another man in the seat of honour, and three more in a steeple-shaped rumber behind; such fine old heads, with whitened beards, and all with their red shirts covered with purple stains, like English hunting-coats which have been through sundry squires-traps. Their earnest, calm, sunburnt faces spoke of different work from running up and down a street shouting; but what could we poor little contemptible people do except shout and clap our hands? All our party were assembled in the balcony, and, as happy chance would have it, long before he came up to us he turned his face our way, our group caught his eye, and until he came under our balcony, and had to turn his face quite up to see us, he kept his steady look fixed on us—why, I don't know, for surely there were prettier dresses and fresher faces all around. I am too well content that chance had it so, so that we could watch deliberately the deep, true, sweet expression of those eyes. We had arm-fuls of flowers to throw down, but that kind of thing seemed so small before that wonderful "regard" that I only let mine drop on the people below. I was told that I should never see so fine a sight as Paris welcoming home her heroes last summer—the Army of Italy; but this one carriage-full of weather-beaten elderly men was far grander—not the sight of a Monarch who makes war for his own ambition in one way or other, but of the triumph of moral force and single-minded devotion. The King had felt himself forced to fly, and twelve hours afterwards this simple hero entered all alone, like an envoy of Providence. Think of his landing those few hundred, sure that the goodness of his cause would bring him success! It does one good to find there is such faith on the earth—to see a man who does not delay beginning a good work till he is in a position to weigh and measure all the consequences. It was striking to see him drive into this great capital without a blow being struck. I wish I could convey to you an idea of how he looked, like a dear old weather-beaten angel. It was very amusing to see the contrast between his followers and some Neapolitan Garibaldians, whose whole political energies had been spent in getting up bran new red robes and cocks' tails, and who rushed about shrieking frantically. Poor dears! I dare say they intended to do thoroughly the kind of work they are capable of. The body of the National Guard followed last, singing Garibaldi's hymn."

MUTINY ON BOARD AN AMERICAN SHIP.—The American Consul at Batavia gives the following account of a mutiny on board the American clipper-ship *Staghound*:—"On the evening of the 31st of March we were all ready to sail. All hands appeared contented and cheerful. As there was no wind I ordered the men to get a good night's rest, intending to start in the morning. At about a half-past seven p.m., very tired and exhausted from the effects of illness with which I had been suffering for some time, I lay down. I had not been in bed more than thirty minutes when the first cry came running into my state-room bleeding, and asked for a pistol, saying 'the men were armed, and coming aft.' I gave him the pistol and attempted to get up, but I could not without assistance. As I stepped on deck the second officer (my son) approached me. He had received a mortal wound. As he approached me he fell. I called the steward, and with his assistance laid him in as comfortable a position as was possible. I then looked around, not knowing whether the mutineers had possession of the ship or not. I soon found our position was one of great danger. My first officer was very seriously wounded, my second mortally, the third was suffering from the effects of a fall he had received a few days previous, which broke his collar-bone. I had before me thirty-two sailors armed with belaying-pins, knives, and anything they could get, cursing and raving like so many madmen. I walked to within ten paces of them, and ordered them to be silent. They were the more boisterous and abusive. The leader (and the man who I afterwards learnt stabbed the officers) stepped out, and the others, at the same time, began to close around me. I levelled my pistol, and told them that the man that took another step would be shot. I then ordered them forward. Not a man moved; all was quiet. I then ordered a crew to man the boat and pull off to a British frigate that had dropped anchor about a mile and a half off to procure medical aid. Not a man would go. I then told them the second officer was wounded, and I feared mortally, and called for volunteers to go. Not one could I get. I again ordered all hands to go forward. After a few minutes the leader said, 'Boys, let us all go forward for the mainmast.' He started, and they all followed. I had six quarter-masters, the carpenter, and the steward who had remained true. I ordered four of them to take the boat. On their return they brought two physicians, and were accompanied by an armed crew, sent by the commander of her Britannic Majesty's ship *Orion*, Captain Lord John Hay, to take charge of the ship. They put the men in irons." The *Staghound* has arrived at Havannah. The crew all agree that they were not unkindly treated, and that the mutiny, which was arranged in an hour or two, originated in a quarrel between one of themselves and one of the ship's officers.

ROBSON AT THE ANTIPODES.—The following paragraph appears in the *Australian and New Zealand Gazette*:—"A curious case appears in the police records at Perth. W. J. Robson, T. L. (ticket of leave), of Crystal Palace notoriety, has been distinguishing himself on a small scale at the Antipodes. He was charged with having hired a horse for his own private use and having had the expense set down to his employer. The second charge was that he obtained from Mr. H. Strickland the sum of £3, money lodged by Mr. Pascoe as earnest on a bargain with Messrs. Brockman and Slade for the delivery of certain horses. It appears that during the absence of Mr. Howell, at Guilford, Robson, without any authority, wrote a letter to Messrs. Brockman and Slade, in Mr. Howell's name, advising them to compromise the matter of the horses by returning Pascoe the £3, and sending the sum of £2, Pascoe's expenses, and 15s. 6d., Mr. Howell's expenses. Robson, in defence, stated that it was a private arrangement between Pascoe and himself; the magistrate acquitted him of the charge. There being other charges against Robson, he was remanded until the following day, when Mr. Howell, having signified that he should not take further proceedings, the prisoner was sentenced to three months imprisonment in the establishment for hiring a horse under false pretences."

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS AT LYONS.

DURING no part of their progress have the Emperor and Empress had such a reception, and such a round of banquets, concerts, balls, and receptions, as at Lyons. The hotels in the city were crowded with families from the surrounding country; and many of the dining-rooms and even out offices were converted into sleeping-apartments. For three nights one innkeeper had sixty beds made up on tables, thus affording a resting-place, although not a very comfortable one. A number of persons were not fortunate enough to procure even that accommodation, but had to sleep on the benches in the public promenades and on the steps of the churches. Those of the cathedral were selected by many as being more removed from the noise and bustle of the city.

Their Majesties were indefatigable in showing themselves to the people, by whom they were always received with the heartiest acclamations. During their stay in Lyons the Emperor and Empress visited many of the factories and public institutions, and were present at the opening of the new Bourse. They were also entertained by the civic authorities, who invited them to a grand banquet and ball at the Hôtel de Ville, the court of which was magnificently decorated for the occasion. On Sunday their Majesties attended mass at Notre Dame de Fourvières, Lyons. The workmen, who on the previous day had been obliged to return to their looms, were now free, and formed, with the strangers, the great majority of those assembled. Notre Dame de Fourvières is, as is well known, held in high veneration not only at Lyons, but throughout the whole of the south of France.

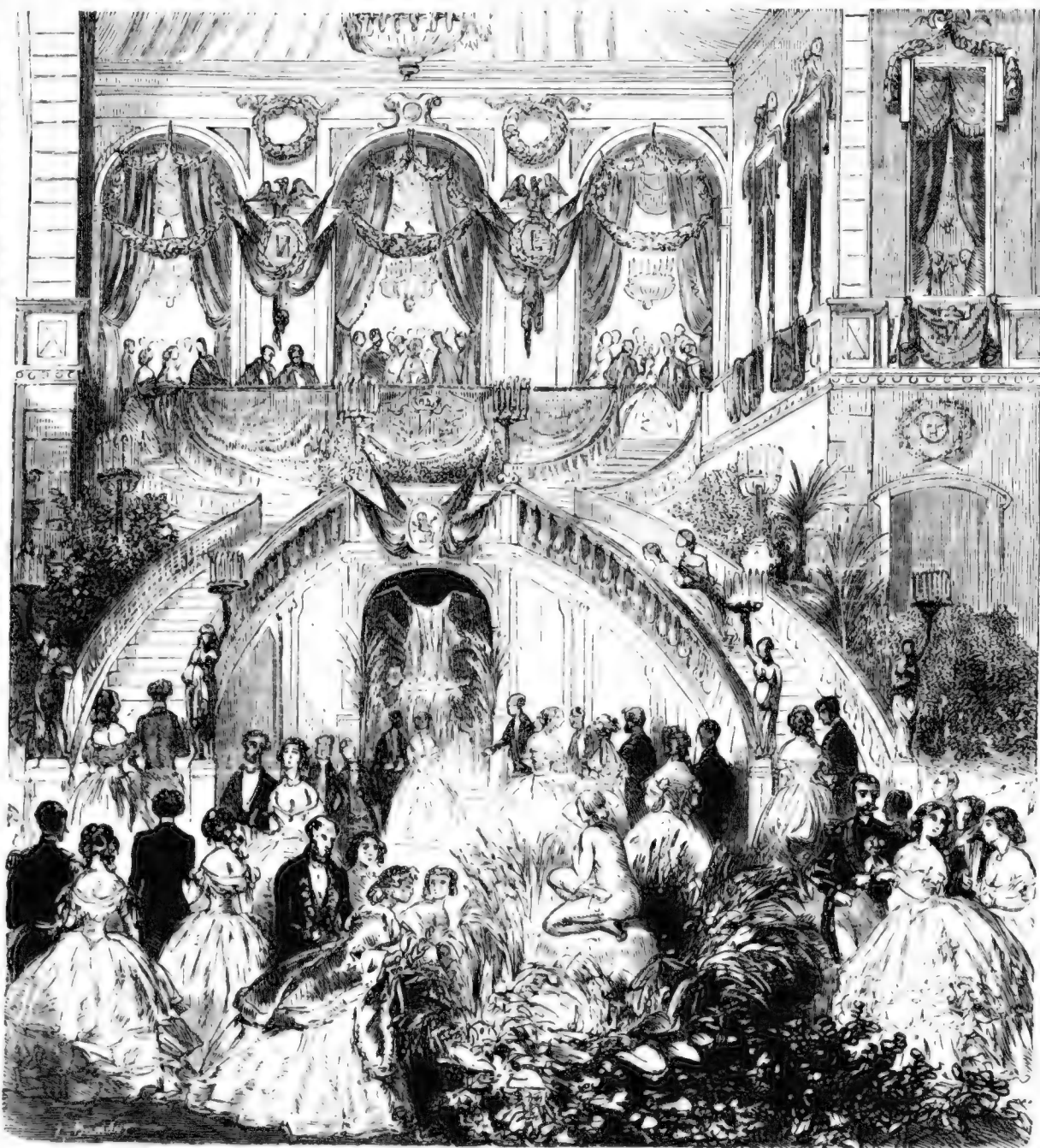
The old soldiers of the Empire who had received the St. Helena medal assembled, to the number of five thousand, on the Place des Terreaux, and were reviewed by their Majesties, the Emperor speaking to several of them in the most gracious manner. One of the old veterans, an ex-sergeant-major named Gonon, presented his Majesty with a bouquet of violets, saying:—"Sire, The Grenadiers of the Island of Elba presented a bouquet of violets to the Emperor Napoleon I. at Elba in 1815, and they named him 'Papa La Violette, No. 1'—a

surname which he heartily accepted. At the present time, Sire, it is the old wearers of the St. Helena medal who have the honour of presenting to you this bouquet, which they beg you to accept, and to allow them to call you 'Papa La Violette, No. 2.' The Emperor willingly took the flowers, and replied:—"Yes, my friends, I accept it heartily; I am very grateful to you, and I promise that I will never forget you."

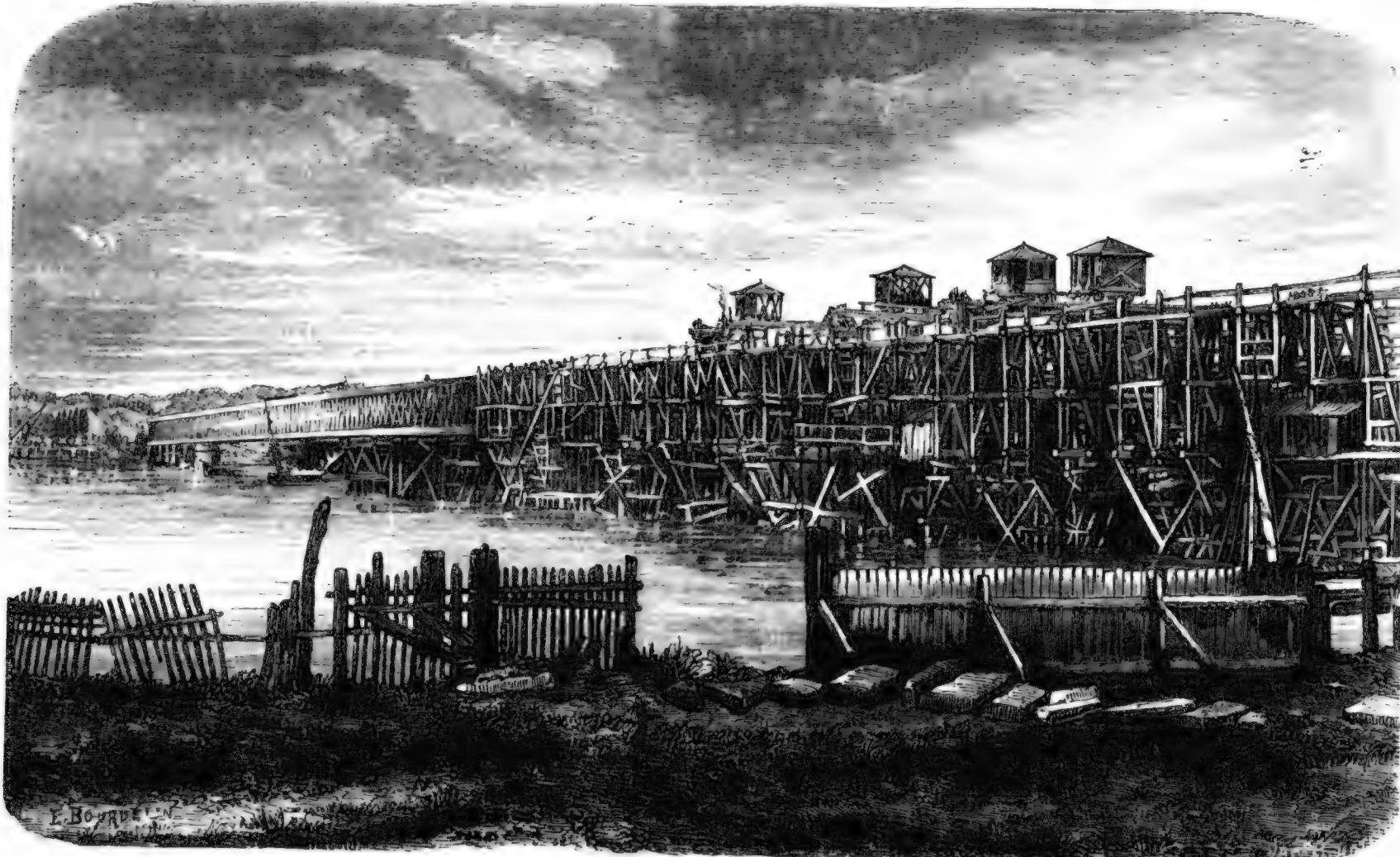
THE IRON BRIDGE AT BORDEAUX.

A CENTURY ago to build a bridge of any magnitude was a great work, only to be accomplished by grave deliberation, enormous ingenuity, and under considerable difficulties. In these days, however, engineering skill has so thoroughly demonstrated the facility with which even the most gigantic structures may be carried across a stream, by employing metal as the material for their formation, that we have in a comparatively short time been surprised by a series of marvellous achievements, wonderful alike for their extent and for the facility with which they have been executed. The bridge at Saltash and that of Menai have scarcely received the amount of public recognition which they demand when we are overwhelmed by reading the particulars of the vast Victoria Bridge, recently constructed at the St. Lawrence. "Our lively neighbour the Gaul," as Mr. Micawber termed him, has, as usual, not been behindhand in adopting the great discoveries of modern science, and already possesses some extraordinary works of the same description as our own. The last of these is the iron bridge which is now being constructed at Bordeaux, and which is represented in our Engraving from a photograph by M. Charles.

The bridge itself rests upon ten piers about 230 feet apart, and is formed of enormous iron tubes. The columns which compose the piers are 75 feet high, and terminate in a handsome capital of entirely new design, rising some 60 feet above the ordinary level of the river. Many difficulties which were thought to be well-nigh insuperable have been overcome by the use of hydraulic rams, and some very ingenious apparatus invented, by M. Neveu, the engineer in charge of the works. The general appearance of the



VISIT OF THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH TO THE SOUTH.—BALL AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE AT LYONS.



IRON BRIDGE AT BORDEAUX IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.

bridge is both grand and elegant; while, if viewed from the exterior, it is not unlike that recently thrown across the Rhine at Cologne. The length is so great that, when viewed from the interior, the perspective has an extraordinary effect of diminution; while the light effect of the whole structure is a wonderful result of combination. The work was commenced at the end of 1858, and it is hoped that the present year will suffice for its completion.

THE MAYOR OF HULL.

AFORTNIGHT since we printed an illustration representing the opening of the "People's Park" at Hull: this week we give our readers a portrait of the gentleman to whom the people are indebted for the park. This gentleman, Mr. Zachariah Pearson, is the Mayor of Hull, where, we believe, he was born and educated, and where he has been known as an officer in the merchant service, and as a merchant, many years. At thirteen years of age he quitted the grammar-school to go to sea; and at nineteen he was first officer of the vessel which he had entered as an apprentice. After about seventeen years of a seafaring life Mr. Pearson quitted his profession to take to that of shipowner and merchant, in which he soon became eminent. He is now well known in London as well as in Hull; he has steamers in the transport service in China, vessels in India, and steamers running regularly weekly to all the Baltic ports from Hull and London. Some time since he established the Intercolonial Royal Mail Line of Packets, running between Sydney and New Zealand.

The qualities which ensured Mr. Pearson's success in life have proved of great advantage to Hull since he has been concerned in civic business. Energetic and business-like, he has worked hard for the establishment of Sailors' Homes and other benevolent institutions; and, finally, he has presented twenty-eight acres of land for the recreation of his fellow-citizens.

DEBARKATION OF FRENCH TROOPS AT BEYROUT.

THE arrival of the French troops in Beyrout was attended with general enthusiasm on the part of the Maronites since they foresaw some redress for the cruelties which they had so lately been compelled to suffer. They welcomed their protectors by relieving them from the burden of their arms, baggage, and cartouche-boxes, which they insisted on carrying themselves. Under the Syrian sun, the heat of which was sufficient to try the courage and training of even veteran troops, the recruits from Châlons exhibited all the proverbial gaiety of the French soldier, and marched along singing a sort of parody on "Dunoi" to the tune of "La Reine Hortense."

The appearance of the Spahis (the French Algerines) gave the Maronites no little uneasiness at first, since they were astonished that those who appeared to be Mussulmans should join the troops of their allies; the ease and politeness with which this amicable regiment fraternised with their hosts, however, soon reassured them. The French troops were directed to take up their quarters in a pine wood situated in the plain of Beyrout, a short distance from the city; and there above the fertile valley, opposite the mountain-chain of the Lebanon, and shaded by hundreds of trees, the camp has been established.

ANOTHER FATAL ACCIDENT ON THE ALPS.

ANOTHER fatal accident occurred on the morning of the 31st of August in the Tyrol, by which the Rev. W. G. Watson, Chaplain of Gray's Inn, and grandson of the celebrated Bishop of Llandaff, lost his life. At two o'clock in the morning the unfortunate gentleman, with his friend, Mr. Frederick Cock, barrister, started from the chalets of the Mutterberg Alp, at the head of the Stubbayer Thal, where they had passed the previous night, for the purpose of crossing the glacier pass which leads thence to Sölden in the Otztal. They were accompanied by Jacob Muller, a guide from Kressbach, in the Stubbayer Thal. They proceeded in perfect safety to the summit of the pass, having in their way up encountered no further difficulty than was presented by the state of the snow, which in parts of the steep slopes by which they ascended was knee deep. Mr. Watson suggested to the guide to cross over the snow. The guide yielding a ready assent, the party proceeded to "glissade" down two of the snow slopes in succession. Upon reaching the end of the second a third presented itself, hemmed in on one side by a wall of rock, and on the other descending gradually to a lower elevation, where, as it was afterwards discovered,



Z. C. PEARSON, ESQ., MAYOR OF HULL.

it terminated in a glacier stream. Here, as before, the guide, in answer to an inquiry from Mr. Watson whether they might cross by the snow, replied "By all means." Accordingly the three proceeded abreast. They had gone about halfway down, when Mr. Cock suddenly felt his left leg sinking under him, and in an instant it went through the snow up to the hip. He threw himself forward on to the knee of his other leg, and drew the left leg after him, and so got upon the firm snow beyond. He was in the act of rising, and of remarking to his friend, "That was a nasty place," when, on looking towards Mr. Watson, he heard the poor gentleman exclaim, "Hallo!" and saw him disappear downwards, as if through a trapdoor. A loud rumbling noise, occasioned by his fall, succeeded, at the end of which there was a momentary silence, broken by a faint moan, which lasted for a few seconds, when all was still. Mr. Cock and the guide lay down upon the snow, and looked down the cavity which Mr. Watson had made, but they could discern nothing but an apparently fathomless abyss of ice. After waiting ten minutes, and after letting down a rope, which the guide then for the first time in the day produced, Mr. Cock dispatched the guide for assistance—he meanwhile remaining by the side of the fatal hole. After an absence of three hours and a quarter three men arrived from some chalets with a rope, by which they let down one of their number. The man who descended reported that all was dark below him and he could see nothing. It was then reluctantly determined to leave the spot and proceed with all speed to Sölden for a longer rope and more hands. It was past two o'clock when they left Sölden, and it was not till about half-past five o'clock in the afternoon that they reached the scene of the disaster. Here a young man, named Joseph Carlinger, of Kayser, near Sölden,

was lowered into the abyss, and after he had descended, at the imminent danger of his life, to a depth of about ninety feet English, he discovered the body of the unfortunate gentleman in a recumbent position, so far as he could judge by touching it with his hands, for the darkness was so great that he could see nothing. A cord was let down through the hole made by Mr. Cock's leg in the morning, and attached to the body, and it was drawn up to the surface. With the exception of the head, on which were visible severe wounds and contusions in rude contrast with the peaceful expression of the face, it was uninjured, but perfectly cold, and it was evident that life had long been extinct. The unfortunate gentleman was borne down to Sölden, where the circumstances of the disaster underwent the most searching investigation at the hands of an official commission, dispatched for the purpose from Silz, the chief town of the district. It resulted from this inquiry that the guide was solely and grievously responsible for the fatal occurrence. In answer to explicit inquiries made before starting he had repeatedly assured both the travellers that there was not the slightest danger in the pass, but that it was merely a fatiguing walk owing to the depth of snow, which in places would be up to their knees. We understand that he is to be put upon his trial.

BEACHING THE "GREAT EASTERN."

THE difficult task of beaching the *Great Eastern* and establishing her comfortably on the gridiron which has been prepared for her reception was accomplished on Sunday afternoon without mishap. The vessel, it must be understood, was not literally hauled up on dry land, but floated over her cradle at high tide, and left ashore by the receding waters. As a preliminary step, steam was got up in the paddle engines; and, all craft whose position rendered it possible for them to incommode the vessel's movements being hauled out of the way, the anchor was tripped between four and five o'clock, and, with her bow held in position by a powerful steam-tug chartered for the occasion, the huge ship was allowed to drift with the tide to a position opposite her berth. We may mention that the weather was far from favourable.

By about half-past five o'clock the ship arrived in the vicinity of the gridiron. At this time the authorities, fearing some fatal accident in the event of the ship coming against the gangway erected from the shore, requested all to move off it, which was at once complied with by every one whose duty did not require him to stay. The ship in the meantime turned ahead until she came within about twelve or fifteen fathoms of her intended position. It was now found that, owing to the great force of the current, it would be better to wait for slack water. The port bower anchor was accordingly let go, and her stern allowed gradually to sheer in. It was then that the solidity of the dolphins was severely tested, for as the vessel gradually came closer, she reared for a time with the whole force of the tide pressing her against the eastern dolphin, which, so far from giving way, actually caused the huge mass to recoil two or three times to a distance of six or eight inches. While waiting for the tide to slacken a whole fleet of boats, lighters, and a ferry steamer were engaged in passing up hawsers, &c., to haul in the chains attached to the four anchors with which she was to be secured. At about half-past six o'clock the tide had become sufficiently slack to admit of the operations being concluded; orders were therefore given to "turn ahead," and in two minutes the *Great Eastern* was in her place to an inch! So correctly had the position for the gangway been conjectured (for in the plan of the ship the entrance in the side to the lower deck was not laid down) that it stood immediately fronting that aperture. The western dolphin is now resting just ahead of the starboard sponson, and the eastern one under the starboard quarter. She is now supported, for about 580 feet of her whole length, on two grids of 150 feet long each, with an interval between of nearly 300 feet of levelled beach. As soon as she had attained the desired place all hands turned to haul in the slack of the mooring chains, and she is, therefore, now firmly kept in her upright position by four anchors—one right ahead, another astern, with one on the port bow, and another on the starboard quarter. When everything was made snug orders were given to pump all the available boilers full, or, as it is technically called, to "scuttle" them, in order to throw an additional weight of some eighty tons of water, to keep her steady on the gridiron. It was intended to try to finish the scraping and painting of the ship's bottom by Tuesday, and then haul her off, several hundred men being employed at the work; but it was the general opinion that this intention could not well be carried out. However, it was only a question of a day.



DEBARKATION OF FRENCH TROOPS AT BEYROUT.—(FROM A SKETCH BY M. LOCKROY.)

OPERA AND CONCERTS.

The Royal English Opera is announced to open on Monday, Oct. 1, with "Lurline." The performances of English opera at Her Majesty's Theatre commence the Monday following, with Mr. Macfarren's "Robin Hood." At this establishment it is now understood that the Italian and English companies are to give representations on alternate nights until Christmas, when a pantomime is to be produced, in which neither we imagine, will take part. The principal English singers in Mr. E. T. Smith's double company are Miss Parepa, Mde. Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Huddart, and Miss Laura Baxter; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Swift (tenor), and Mr. Santley. Among the so-called Italians are Mde. Titiens (a German), M. Vialotto (a Frenchman), and Signor Giuglini, who is indeed an Italian, and, what is more, a patriot and an ex-Garibaldian, the distinguished tenor having fought, under the most distinguished of Italian and of all other living generals, at the siege of Rome in 1848. Signor Ciampi, whose political principles are not known to us, but who is, at all events, an admirable buffo, also belongs to this troop. The Italian conductor will be Signor Ardit; the English conductor, Mr. Charles Hallé (a German, belonging to Manchester).

The Worcester Festival has gone off, and the Norwich Festival is going off, most satisfactorily. To a Londoner the meeting of the three choirs, which takes place every year at either Worcester, Gloucester, or Hereford, is, in a purely musical sense, a sorry entertainment enough. You have, to be sure, an opportunity of hearing an oratorio performed in a cathedral, which aids, as much as the sour atmosphere of Exeter Hall mairs, the effect of sacred music. It is in no way aided, however, by the conducting of the local organists, who only take up the baton once in three years, and who, whatever may be their musical acquirements and their general intelligence, have not the habit of directing large masses of singers and players. Consequently, these gentlemen, in spite of their good-will, fill their posts but inefficiently; indeed, a great and never-failing subject of remark exists notoriously, for the London musical critics who visit Worcester, Gloucester, and Hereford at festival seasons, in the incompetency of the conducting organists—Messrs. Smith, Amott, and Done (their names, by-the-way, usually appear in the morning newspapers as Smith, Amott, and Done). Beyond the fact that the conductor is unfit for his office, there is little to be learned from the long accounts given by our contemporaries every year of these triple-choir meetings. "The Messiah" and the "Dettingen Te Deum," probably "Israel in Egypt," and almost certainly "Elijah," are performed in the mornings at the cathedrals; and in the evening there are concerts, which are very like the "miscellaneous concerts" one hears in London, consisting of all sorts of operatic fragments, never intended to be heard in a room at all. Last year at Gloucester the "Stabat Mater" was performed on one of the mornings at the cathedral, much to the disgust of the *Record*, which maintained that it was a Popish affair, as if Rossini cared a single semi-demisemiquaver about the Pope. Luther himself, who was fond of music, would have been enchanted with Rossini's "Stabat"; so would Oliver Cromwell, who was the patron of music when music was hated in England worse (far worse) than sin; who pensioned distressed fiddlers, and "liquored with sack" such as had fine bass voices "troubling exceedingly;" who is proclaimed as a known amateur of music in the title of "Oliver's fiddler" given to Sir Roger Lestrang; who, finally, founded the opera in England when no other theatrical entertainments were tolerated. However, this year, at Worcester, not even the "Stabat Mater" was given, though it would still have been a sort of novelty to most provincial festival-goers. Nothing new—indeed nothing that was not very old—was heard in the way of a complete work, except Dr. Bennett's "May Queen," which was new only to Worcester, and a cantata by Niel Gade, a Swede, who, we believe, was a pupil of Mendelssohn, and who, at all events, follows the style of that master as closely as he can. The latter work was performed for the first time in England. The execution of this cantata was all that could be desired, the principal parts being taken by Mde. Rudersdorff, Mde. Sainton-Dolby, and Mr. Weiss. The music, however, is described by the *Musical World* as not very interesting, lacking invention, and displaying a tendency, especially in the melodramatic part of the story, to run into commonplace. At the Worcester festival, besides the singers we have mentioned, Mde. Clara Novello, Miss Parepa, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Beletti appeared.

At Norwich the festival, which terminates with the present week, promised to be peculiarly interesting. A selection from Gluck's "Armida" was given on Wednesday, with Mde. Clara Novello and Mr. Weiss as Armida and the "Goddess of Hate." On the following days "Abraham," a new oratorio, by M. Molique, and "Undine," a new cantata, by Mr. Benedict, were to be produced.

MR. JOSEPH LOCKE, M.P. for Honiton, President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, died on Tuesday, at Mollat, N.B.

Too BAD TO BE TRUE.—We read in the *London Review*: "It is now two years since the Prince Regent assumed the sceptre of Prussia, which his brother had long been incapable of wielding. It was expected that his accession to power would be followed by an amnesty to the hundreds of exiles whom the events of '48 had driven from their fatherland. The Prince enjoys credit in Germany for a manly honesty which has been seldom found in his race; and, for some months, little disappointment was felt at the delay of this act of grace. It was ascribed to motives of delicacy—to the unwillingness to show haste in reversing the acts of the brother in whose name he governs. But two years have now gone by, and he has made no sign. We begin to ask if he assumed all the attributes of Royalty but the right to pardon, or whether the praises of his friends indicate not what he is, but what they would wish him to be. Dr. Eichhoff, in a pamphlet which has just had the honour of seizure in Berlin, gives us an explanation of the dilemma, which there is too much reason to believe is not unlike the truth. He says that, before relaxing her clutch upon the sceptre, the Queen exacted from the Prince a promise that no amnesty should be granted so long as the King breathes. He vegetates utterly unconscious of all around him—a living death—no gibes, no flashes of merriment now; but the Queen, poor heart, still clings to her past greatness, and is resolved that her husband shall still live a King in the misery of thousands of his subjects. We hope that the story is not true, and shall be only too happy to contradict it on sufficient authority."

GARIBALDI'S ENGLISHMAN.—A correspondent, describing the scene at the San Carlo Theatre on Garibaldi's visit, says:—"I must not omit to mention that the officers of the Neapolitan navy, hearing that 'Garibaldi's Englishman' was in the house, sent to invite him to their box, and received him standing, which was the signal for cheers for Queen Victoria, and the 'English' from the whole house. As proof of this gentleman, I will relate a bona fide anecdote. Garibaldi had preceded his army by some forty miles on the march from Reggio here, and Colonel Kard was usually with him. About ten days since, however, he in his turn preceded Garibaldi by some fifty miles, and accompanied by three other officers, advanced to a station of the Royal army, where he believed there were some four or five hundred disaffected men, all ready to go over to Garibaldi. To his surprise, on arriving he found, instead of a detachment, a very strong body of troops in a commanding position. It was, however, too late to retreat, so he walked up to the nearest officer and said, 'I am sent to accept their your submission; favour me by taking me to the officer in command.' This was done, and the officer, thinking that Garibaldi was at hand, at once gave up his command, and 10,000 soldiers laid down their arms to four officers who were about fifty miles in advance of their own men! Not content with this, he then took possession of the telegraph, and announced to the authorities at Naples the arrival of Garibaldi in great force, which message, considered by the Government as advised from their own officers, was immediately acted on, and caused the withdrawal of the King's troops from Ebboli."

EXTRAORDINARY SHOOTING.—Five Sergeants of the 22nd depot battalion, Strling, having got up a shooting-match in the first period (from 150 to 300 yards), on Friday, the 7th instant, made an average of 29.40 points per man; and having, on Sunday last, seen in the *United Service Gazette* a paragraph relative to a detachment of six men of the 2nd battalion 1860 Foot making in the first period—150, 160, 170, and 180 yards—then then unprecedent average of 30.41, the Sergeant-major resolved, if possible, to gain permission to perform the feat, to-day, and shooting practice. This liberty having been granted, and the practice conducted under the superintendence of Captain Weber, the Royal Highlanders, respective instructor to the battalion, the following are the results of the first period, 150 yards; 1st Sergeant, 13.20; 2nd, 13.20; 3rd, 13.20; 4th, 13.20; 5th, 13.20; 6th, 13.20; 7th, 13.20; 8th, 13.20; 9th, 13.20; 10th, 13.20; 11th, 13.20; 12th, 13.20; 13th, 13.20; 14th, 13.20; 15th, 13.20; 16th, 13.20; 17th, 13.20; 18th, 13.20; 19th, 13.20; 20th, 13.20; 21st, 13.20; 22nd, 13.20; 23rd, 13.20; 24th, 13.20; 25th, 13.20; 26th, 13.20; 27th, 13.20; 28th, 13.20; 29th, 13.20; 30th, 13.20; 31st, 13.20; 32nd, 13.20; 33rd, 13.20; 34th, 13.20; 35th, 13.20; 36th, 13.20; 37th, 13.20; 38th, 13.20; 39th, 13.20; 40th, 13.20; 41st, 13.20; 42nd, 13.20; 43rd, 13.20; 44th, 13.20; 45th, 13.20; 46th, 13.20; 47th, 13.20; 48th, 13.20; 49th, 13.20; 50th, 13.20; 51st, 13.20; 52nd, 13.20; 53rd, 13.20; 54th, 13.20; 55th, 13.20; 56th, 13.20; 57th, 13.20; 58th, 13.20; 59th, 13.20; 60th, 13.20; 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